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ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FOR SCHOOLS.

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SIXTH EDITION.

ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FOR SCHOOLS.

(Curwen's Edition, 5120.)

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

AND

CECIL J. SHARP, B.A.

PLAY LIBRARY

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INTRODUCTION.

"Folk-songs," say the Board of Education, in their *Suggestions for the consideration of Teachers*, "are the expression in the idiom of the people of their joys and sorrows, their unaffected patriotism, their zest for sport, and the simple pleasures of a country life. Such music is the early and spontaneous uprising of artistic power in a nation, and the ground on which all national music is built up; folk-songs are the true classics of the people, and their survival, so often by tradition alone, proves that their appeal is direct and lasting."

This, we contend, is true in every particular, and national music may be said to be built up on folk melodies. Unhappily, with us the music of our race has been ignored, disparaged, and set aside; and our modern music is the outcome of the study of foreign models. We have been the very starlings of the musical world, acquiring the pipe and warble of strange birds, and forgetting our own wood-notes wild.

In our primary and secondary schools no provision has been made for the teaching of folk-music to our children. They have been given tunes "made in Germany," or composed for them by masters, English it may be, but speaking in another musical tongue from that of the people.

Folk-song is in verity the product of the people, rising as naturally out of its consciousness, expressing as truly its feelings and its aspirations, as the song of thrush and blackbird and ousel expresses the longings of the little hearts, and their rapture in spring sun and zephyrs.

The folk-song of one race is not the folk-song of another, any more than the warble of the blackbird is the twitter of the finch. Why, then, should we endeavour to force our children to learn the notes of Germany and France and Italy, instead of acquiring that which is their very own? Why dress a Japanese in English hat and frock coat, and force English feet into French *sabots*?

I have lived for over forty years in country parishes, and not once have I heard a child spontaneously give forth one of these school songs, though I have met these children daily in lane and road, nutting in the woods, gleaning in the cornfields. I hear their bright, clear voices ring out in chatter and laugh, never in the class-acquired song. That is rejected, as they leave school, as something acquired, uncongenial, and irksome.

This collection has been made to meet the requirements of the Board of Education, and is composed of melodies strictly pertaining to the people, to which words have been set, as closely adhering to the original as was possible, considering the purpose of the book. We may add that every one of the tunes in this book has been taken down by ourselves from the mouths of the people, with the exception of three contributed by Lady Lethbridge.

It is as well to consider that the published and MS. music of the days of Charles II and of those subsequent is *not*, for the most part, the music of the people, but of composers trained in the Italian school; and such music, though appreciated in the concert-room and drawing-room, never soaked into and affected to any appreciable extent the popular mind and influenced the popular taste. Our English peasantry clung to their ancient melodies, and modified them imperceptibly as time went on, but the current of folk-song never mingled with the stream of classic music in England.

We have included a certain number of Ballads. Now the British ballad is vastly lengthy. We have felt ourselves constrained to curtail them to some extent. But it must not be supposed that a child objects to a long ballad that unfolds a story—far from it; the child relishes it. We have also been forced to prune the redundancy of syllables in some lines. Old ballad singers were supremely indifferent as to the number of words they crowded into their lines, and they managed to get them in to their music as best they could. But for the use of children it was deemed advisable to equalise the number of syllables in a line.

A few Nursery Rhymes for Infants have been added.

We have finally to acknowledge our great indebtedness to Messrs. Methuen for allowing us to reproduce in this collection Nos. 7, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 & 36 from our *Songs of the West*; Nos. 8, 33, 34, 35, and 48 from the *Garland of Country Song*; also to the Rev. C. Marson, co-editor with Mr. Sharp in *Folk-songs from Somerset*, for consenting to the inclusion in this book of Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 25, likewise to Lady Lethbridge for contributing Nos. 14, 49, and 50, which she learned from her nurse and her father.

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Nº 1. The wraggle taggle Gipsies, O!

Allegro commodo.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
Three gip - sies stood at the Cas - tle gate, They
sang so high, they sang so low, The la - dy sate in her
cham - ber late, Her heart it melt - ed a - way as snow.

1.—THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!

1 Three gipsies stood at the Castle gate,
They sang so high, they sang so low,
The lady sate in her chamber late,
Her heart it melted away as snow.

2 They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow.
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings and all her show.

3 She pluck-ed off her high-heeled shoes,
A-made of Spanish leather, O.
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet;
All out in the wind and weather, O.

4 O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

5 O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

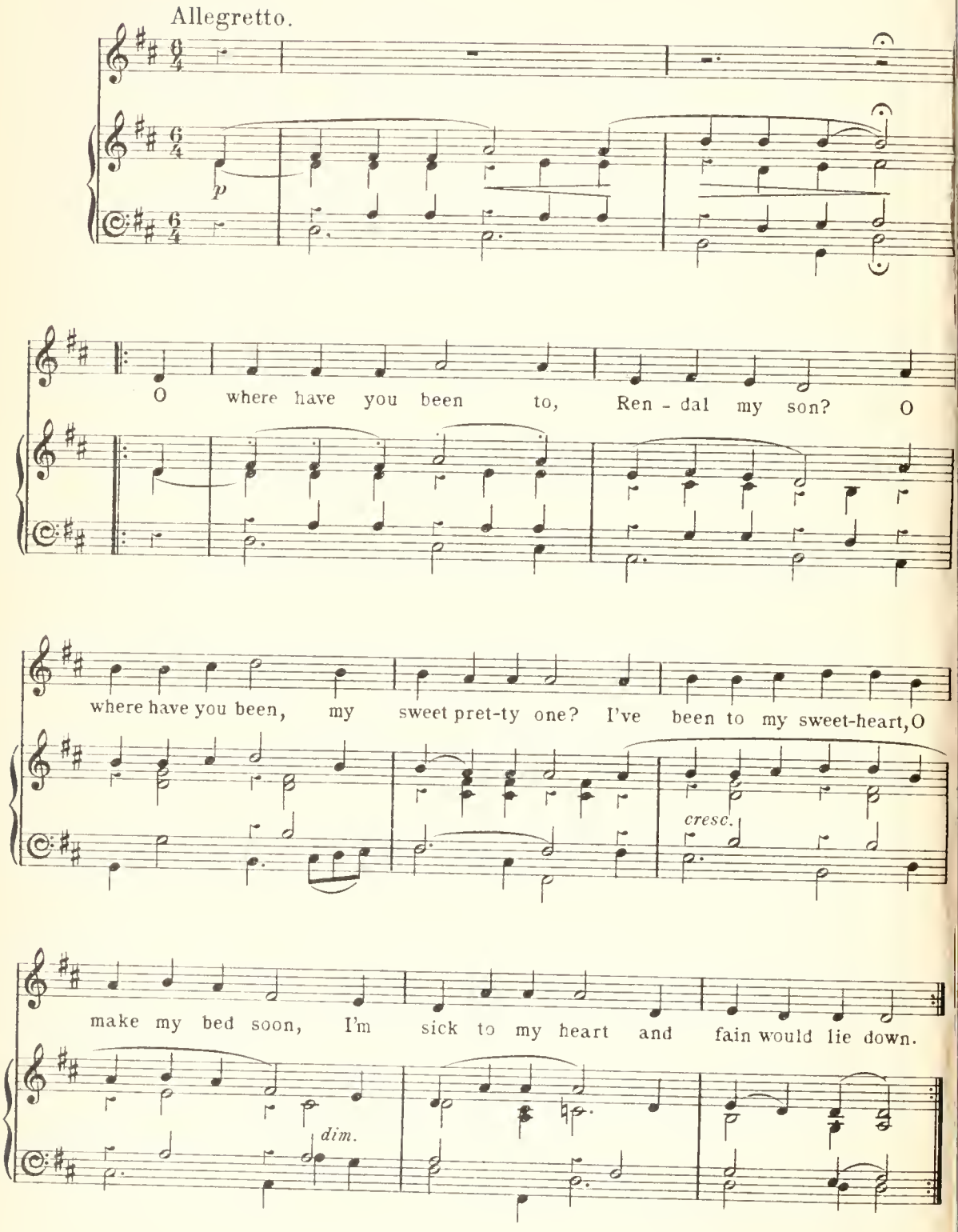
6 What makes you leave your house and land?
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?

7 What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord,
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

8 Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

9 What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

№ 2. Lord Rendal.


Allegretto.
p
O where have you been to, Ren - dal my son? O
where have you been, my sweet pret-ty one? I've been to my sweet-heart, O
cresc.
make my bed soon, I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.
dim.

2.—LORD RENDAL.

1 O where have you been to, Rendal my son?
O where have you been, my sweet pretty one?
I've been to my sweetheart; O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

2 O what did she give you, Rendal my son?
O what did she give you, my pretty one?
She gave me some eels; O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

3 O what colour were they, Rendal my son?
O what colour were they, my pretty one?
They were speckled and blotched: O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

4 O where did she get them, Rendal my son?
O where did she get them, my pretty one?
From hedges and ditches; O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

5 O where are your bloodhounds, Rendal my son?
O where are your bloodhounds, my pretty one?
They swelled and they died; O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

6 O that was strong poison, Rendal my son!
O that was strong poison, my pretty one!
You'll die, you'll die, Rendal my son,
You'll die, you'll die, my sweet pretty one.

No 3. The old Man and his Wife.

Allegro con grazia.
p
There was an old man in a wood As you shall plain-ly see, Sir, He
said he'd hard-er work in a day, Than his wife could do in three, Sir. If
that be so, the old wife said, And this you will al - low, Sir, Why,
I'll go drive the plough to-day, And you shall milk the cow, Sir.

3.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE.

1 There was an old man in a wood,
As you shall plainly see, sir,
He said he'd harder work in a day
Than his wife could do in three, sir.
If that be so, the old wife said,
And this you will allow, sir,
Why, I'll go drive the plough to-day,
And you shall milk the cow, sir.

2 But you must watch the speckled hen
For fear she lay away, sir,
And you must watch the spool of yarn,
That I spun yesterday, sir.
The old wife took the stick in hand,
And went to drive the plough, sir,
The old man took the pail in hand,
And went to milk the cow, sir.

3 But Tiney winced and fussed about,
And Tiney cocked her nose, sir,
And Tiney gave the man a kick,
That blood ran from the blows, sir.
O Tiney! pretty Tiney, dear,
My pretty cow, stand still, ah!
If you I milk another day
It's sore against my will, ah!

4 He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the stye, sir,
But knocked his head against the door,
Which made the blood to fly, sir.
He went to watch the speckled hen
Lest she should lay away, sir,
But clean forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday, sir.

5 He went within to fetch a stick
To give the pig his hire, sir,
But she ran in between his legs
And cast him in the mire, sir.
And as he looked at pig and cow
He said, I do agree, sir,
If my wife never works again
She'll not be blamed by me, sir.

№ 4. The Shepherd's Daughter.

Allegretto.
A shep-herd maid to
p
Lon - don came, Her feet her there did bring. She
hast - ed to the King's pa - lace, And knock - ed at the
ring. Line, twine, the wil - low and the dee.

4.—THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

1 A shepherd maid to London came,
Her feet her there did bring.
She hasted to the King's palace,
And knock-ed at the ring.
Line, twine, the willow and the dee.

2 There was no servant in the hall,
Nor noble heard the din,
And so there came the King himself,
And let the fair maid in.

3 "What wouldst thou have of me?" he said,
"Oh, what dost seek?" said he.
"Thou hast a man in thy fair court,
That hath a robbèd me.

4 "He hath not robb'd me, gentle sir,
Of purple or of pall,
But he hath stol'n my heart away,
Which grieves me most of all."

5 "How dost thou know this robber knight,
What dost thou know him by?"
"By his locks which are as yellow wheat,
And by his bright blue eye."

6 "Oh! if he be a married man,
I'll hang him on a tree,
But if he be a bachelor
His body I'll give to thee."

7 The King he call-ed down his men
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William once was first of all,
And now the last came he.

8 Then he held out full fifty pound
All wrappèd in a glove.
"Fair maid, I'll give the same to thee;
Go seek another love."

9 "Oh! I want nothing of thy gold,
Nor nothing of thy fee,
But I will have thy body whole,
The King hath granted me."

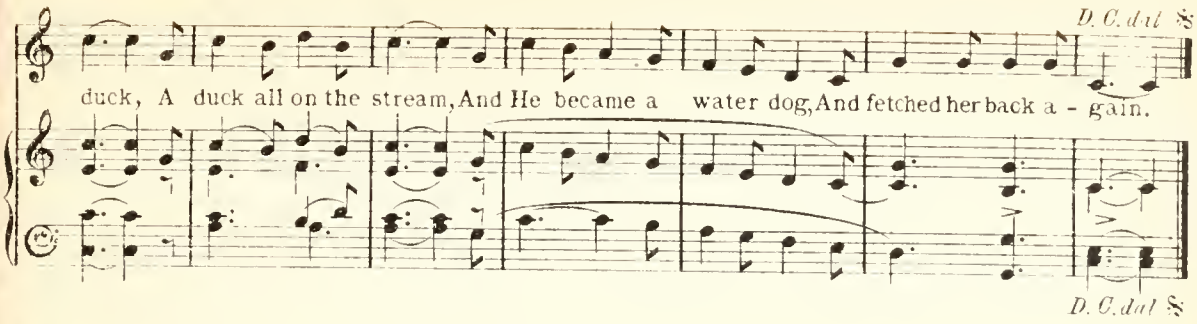
10 "A shepherd's maiden tho' I was,
My heart if left but free,
I ne'er had come to London town,
To ask of aught from thee."

11 He set her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon a grey,
And forth he rode with the shepherd maid,
From London town away.

12 The very first town they came unto,
He bought her a golden ring,
The very next town they came unto,
He made her a gay wedding.
Line, twine, the willow and the dee.

№ 5. The two Magicians.

Con spirito.
O She looked out of the win-dow, As white as an-y milk; But He looked in-to the
mf
win-dow, As black as an-y silk. Hul-loa, hul-loa, hul-loa, hul-loa, you coal black
f
smith! O what is your sil-ly song? You never shall change my mai-den name That
I have kept so long; I'd rather die a maid. Yes, but then she said, And be buried all in my
grave, Than I'd have such a nas-ty, husky, dusky, must-y, fusk-y, coal black smith A
maiden I will die. Then She be-came a
con fuoco
p
Fine.



1 O She looked out of the window,
As white as any milk;
But He looked into the window,
As black as any silk.

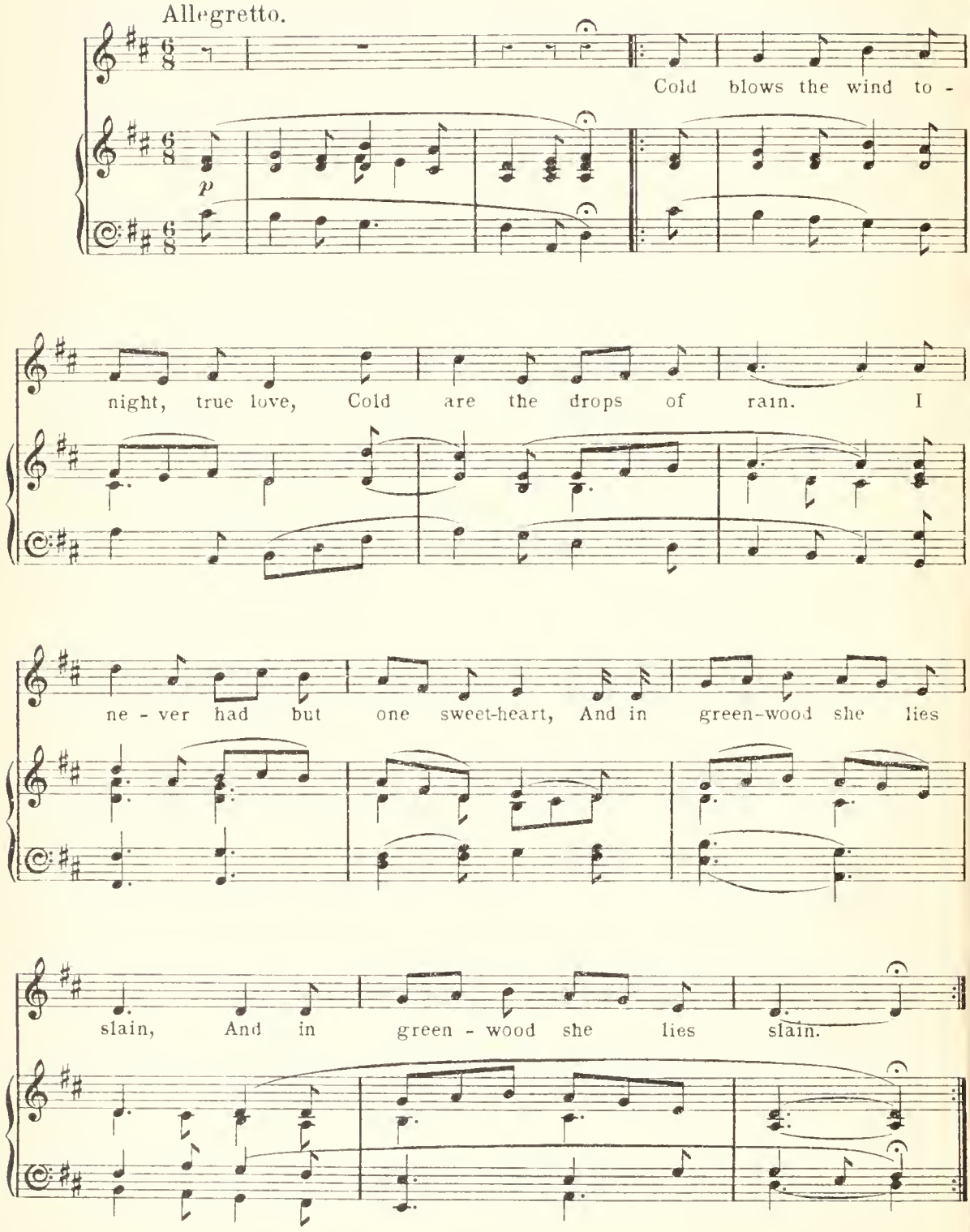
Hulloa, hulloa, hulloa, hulloa, you coal black smith!
O what is your silly song?
You never shall change my maiden name
That I have kept so long;
I'd rather die a maid, yes, but then she said,
And be buried all in my grave,
Than I'd have such a nasty, husky, dusky, musty, fusky,
Coal black smith
A maiden I will die.

2 Then She became a duck,
A duck all on the stream;
And He became a water dog,
And fetched her back again.
Hulloa, &c.

3 Then She became a hare,
A hare all on the plain;
And He became a greyhound dog,
And fetched her back again.
Hulloa, &c.

4 Then She became a fly,
A fly all in the air;
And He became a spider,
And fetched her to his lair.
Hulloa, &c.

Nº 6. Cold blows the Wind.


Allegretto.
Cold blows the wind to -
p
night, true love, Cold are the drops of rain. I
ne - ver had but one sweet-heart, And in green-wood she lies
slain, And in green - wood she lies slain.

6.—COLD BLOWS THE WIND.

1 Cold blows the wind to-night, true love,
  Cold are the drops of rain;
I never had but one sweetheart,
  And in greenwood she lies slain.

2 I'll do as much for my sweetheart
  As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave,
  A twelvemonth and a day.

3 The twelvemonth and a day was past,
  The ghost began to speak.
Why weep you there upon my grave,
  And will not let me sleep?

4 What is it that you want of me,
  And will not let me sleep?
Your salten tears they trickle down
  And wet my winding-sheet.

5 What dost thou want of me, true heart,
  Of me what dost thou crave?
One only kiss from your lily-white lips,
  Then I'll go from your grave.

6 My lips are cold as clay, sweetheart,
  My breath smells earthy strong,
And if you kiss my lily-white lips
  Your time will not be long.

7 My time be short, my time be long,
  To-morrow or to-day,
May Christ in heaven have all my soul—
  But I'll kiss your lips of clay.

8 When shall we meet again, sweetheart?
  When shall we meet again?
When the oaken leaves that fall from the trees
  Are green—and spring again.

No 7. The Golden Vanity.

Allegro moderato.
A ship I have got in the
North Coun-try And she goes by the name of the Gol-den Van-i-ty, O I
fear she will be ta-ken by a Span-ish Ga-la-lie, As she sails by the Lowlands
low, As she sails by the Low-lands low, By the
Low-lands low, As she sails by the Low-lands low.
mf
rall.
mf
cresc.
f
mf

7.—THE GOLDEN VANITY.

1 A ship I have got in the North Country
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity,
O I fear she will be taken by a Spanish Ga-la-lie,
As she sails by the Low-lands low.

2 To the Captain then up spake the little Cabin-boy,
He said, What is my fee, if the galley I destroy,
The Spanish Ga-la-lie, if no more it shall annoy,
As you sail by the Low-lands low?

3 Of silver and gold I will give to you a store,
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore,
Of treasure and of fee as well, I'll give to thee galore,
As we sail by the Low-lands low.

4 Then the boy bared his breast, and straightway leaped in,
And he held all in his hand an augur sharp and thin,
And he swam until he came to the Spanish Galleon,
As she lay by the Low-lands low.

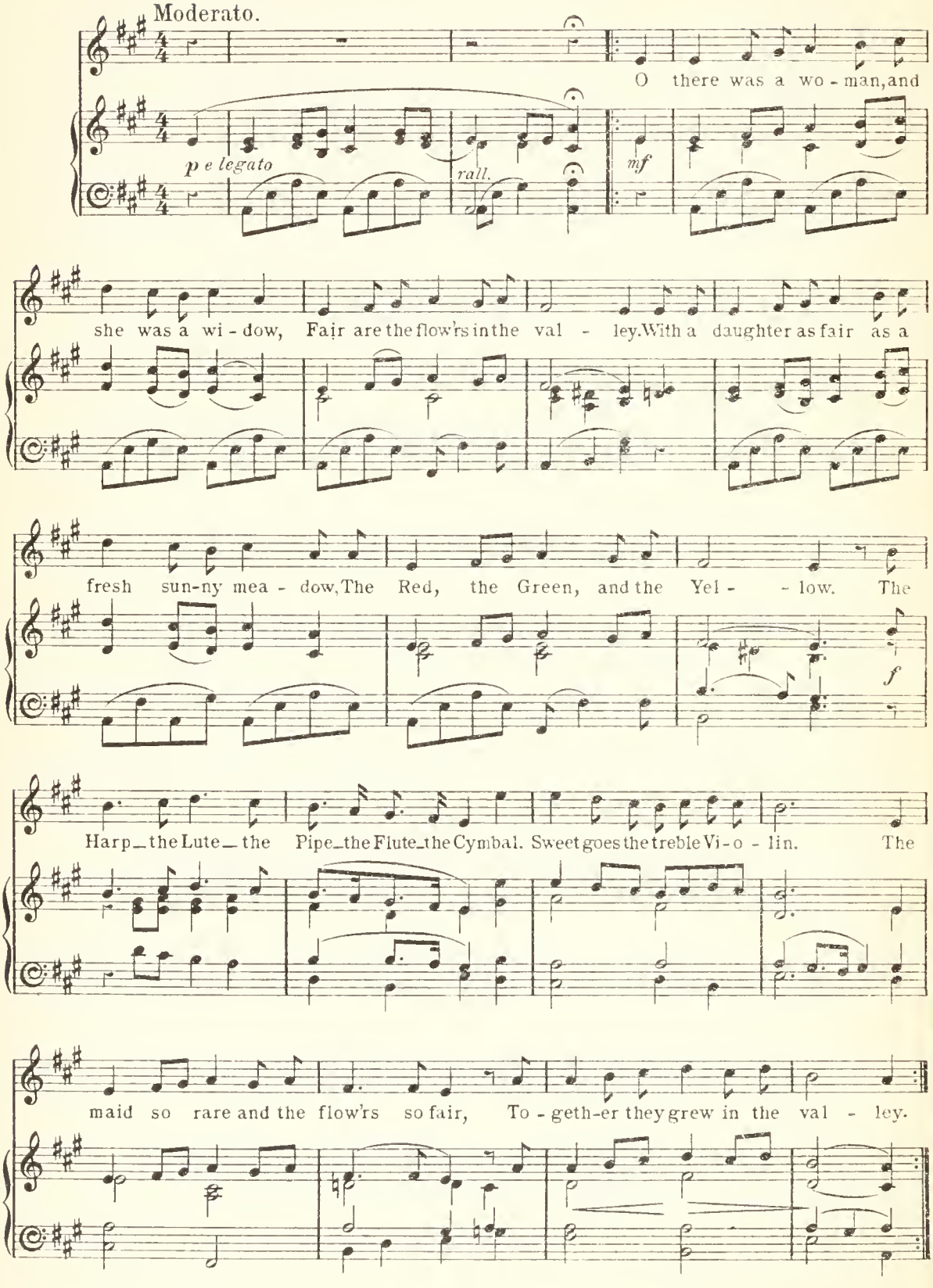
5 He bored with the augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowed in it dazzl-ed their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low.

6 So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
Saying Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
I will shoot you! I will kill you! the cruel Captain cried,
You may sink by the Low-lands low.

7 Then the Cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side,
Saying, Messmates, take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died.
As they sailed by the Low-lands low.

8 They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant Cabin-boy over the ship's side,
And left him without more ado adrifting with the tide,
And to sink by the Low-lands low.

Nº 8. Flowers in the Valley.


Moderato.
O there was a wo - man, and
p e legato
rall.
mf
she was a wi - dow, Fair are the flow'rs in the val - ley. With a daughter as fair as a
fresh sun-ny mea - dow, The Red, the Green, and the Yel - - low. The
f
Harp_the Lute_the Pipe_the Flute_the Cymbal. Sweet goes the treble Vi - o - lin. The
maid so rare and the flow'rs so fair, To - geth-er they grew in the val - ley.

8.—FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

1 O there was a woman, and she was a widow,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
With a daughter as fair as a fresh sunny meadow,
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow,
The Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
The maid so rare and the flowers so fair
Together they grew in the valley.

2 There came a Knight all clothed in red,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"I would thou wert my bride," he said,
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
"I would," she sighed, "ne'er wins a bride!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.

3 There came a Knight all clothed in green,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"This maid so sweet might be my queen,"
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
"Might be," sighed she, "will ne'er win me!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.

4 There came a Knight, in yellow was he,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"My bride, my queen, thou must with me!"
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
With blushes red, "I come," she said;
"Farewell to the flowers in the valley."

No 9. The Coasts of Barbary.

Allegro moderato.
p
There were two ships from Eng- -land set sails, Blow
high! blow low! and so sailed we. The King of Prus-sia and the
Prince of Wales, Cruis-ing down the coasts of Bar - ba - ry.

9.—THE COASTS OF BARBARY.

1 There were two ships from England set sails,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
The King of Prussia and the Prince of Wales,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

2 There's naught ahead, sirs, nothing astern,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
But a lofty vessel to windward would turn,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

3 Then hail her, the captain call'd o'er the side,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
Be you a privateer, then he cried,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary?

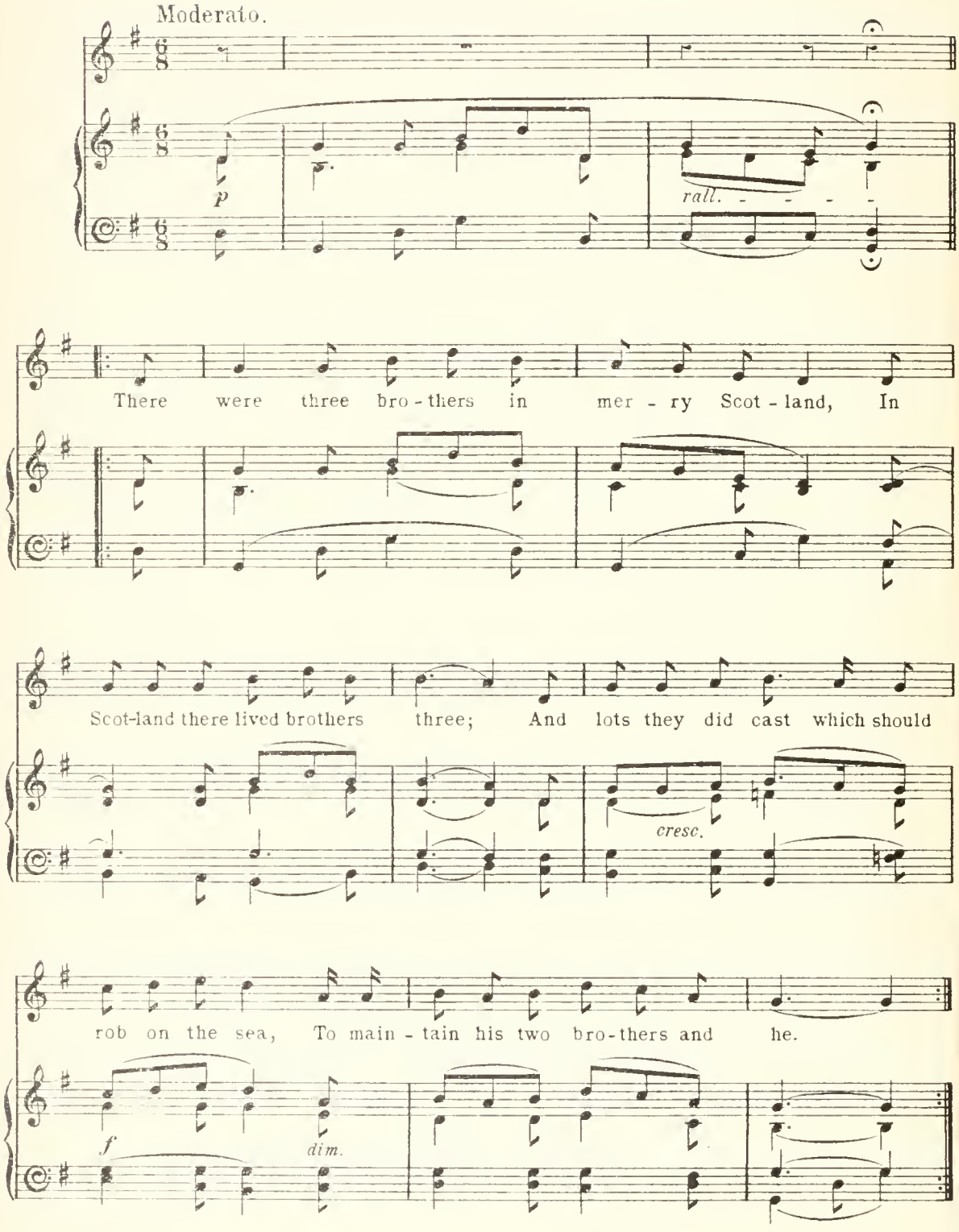
4 I am a privateer, sirs, to-day,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
A saucy privateer, sirs, after prey,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

5 Then broadsides on the gallant vessels go,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
Away her mainmast did we English blow.
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

6 For mercy then how the rascals cried,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
The mercy shown was to sink them in the tide,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

7 With cutlass and gun, they fought hours three,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
The ship their coffin, their grave the sea.
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

Nº 10. Henry Martin.


Moderato.
p
rall.
There were three bro-thers in mer-ry Scot-land, In
Scot-land there lived brothers three; And lots they did cast which should
cresc.
rob on the sea, To main-tain his two bro-thers and he.
f
dim.

10.—HENRY MARTIN.

1 There were three brothers in merry Scotland,
  In Scotland there lived brothers three;
And lots they did cast which should rob on the sea,
  To maintain his two brothers and he.

2 The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,
  The youngest of all the three,
All for to turn robber upon the salt sea,
  To maintain his two brothers and he.

3 He had not been sailing a long winter's night
  And a part of a short winter's day,
Before he espi-ed a lofty stout ship,
  Come a-bibbing down on him straightway.

4 How far are you bound for? cried Henry Martin;
  O where are you bound for? cried he.
I'm a rich merchant ship bound for merry England,
  And I will you to let me pass free.

5 O no! O no! cried Henry Martin,
  That thing it never could be;
For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea,
  To maintain my two brothers and me.

6 Come, lower your topsail and brail-up your mizzen,
  And bring your ship under my lee,
Or a full flowing ball I will fire at your tail,
  And your bodies drown in the salt sea.

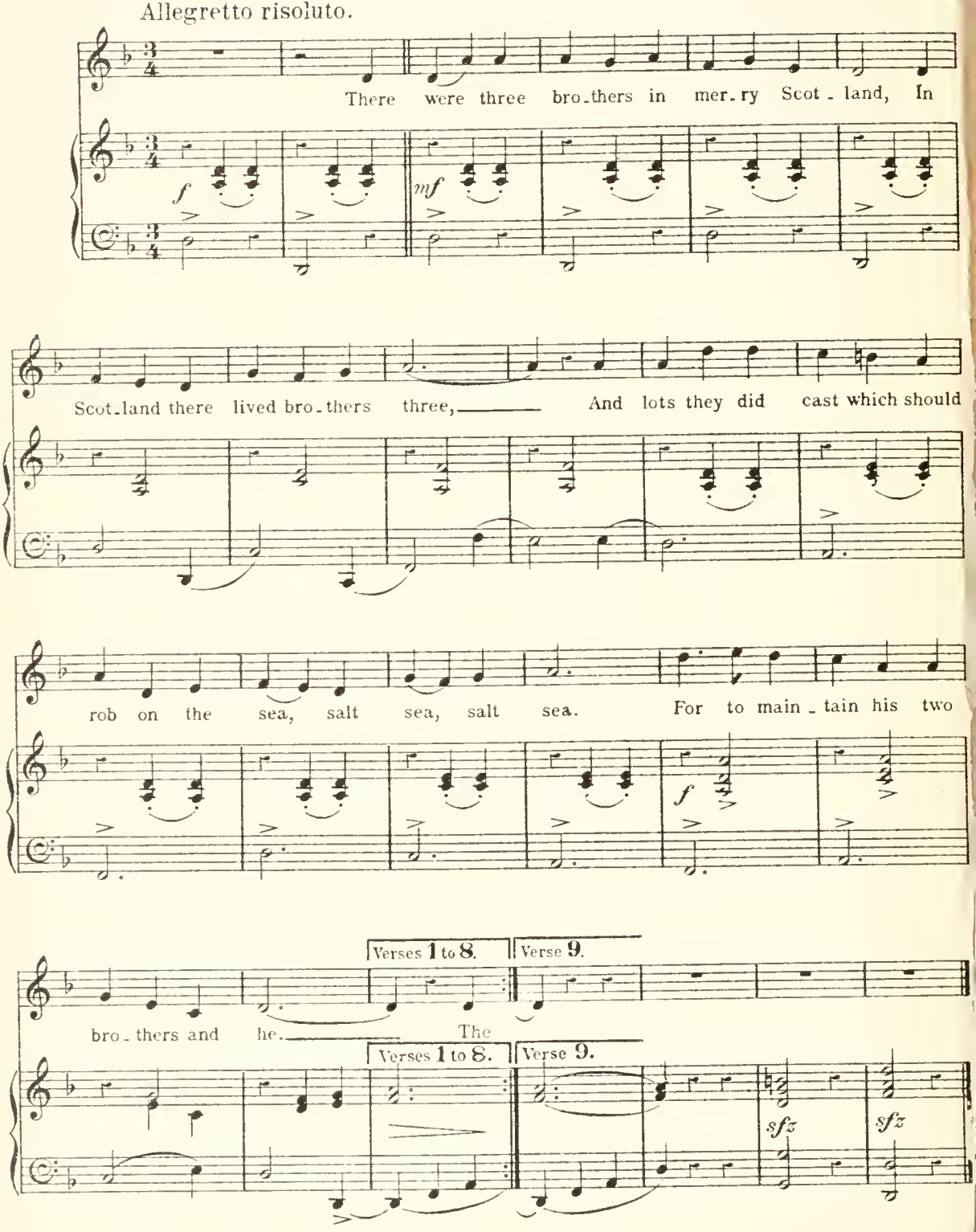
7 With broadside and broadside and at it they went,
  For fully two hours or three,
When Henry Martin gave to her the death shot,
  And listing to starboard went she.

8 The rich merchant vessel was wounded full sore;
  Right down to the bottom went she.
And Henry Martin sailed away, sailed away,
  To maintain his two brothers and he.

9 Bad news! bad news! unto fair London town,
  Bad news I will tell unto thee;
They've robbed a rich vessel and she's cast away;
  All the sailors drowned in the salt sea.

No 10. Henry Martin.

(SECOND VERSION.)



10.—HENRY MARTIN.

(Second Version.)

1 There were three brothers in merry Scotland,
In Scotland there lived brothers three;
And lots they did cast which should rob on the sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.

2 The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,
The youngest of all the three,
All for to turn robber upon the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.

3 He had not been sailing but a long winter's night
And a part of a short winter's day,
Before he espi-ed a lofty stout ship, stout ship, stout ship,
Come a-bibbing down on him straightway.

4 How far are you bound for? cried Henry Martin;
O where are you bound for? cried he.
I'm a rich merchant ship bound for merry England, England, England,
Therefore I will you to let me pass free.

5 O no! O no! cried Henry Martin,
That thing it never could be;
For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me.

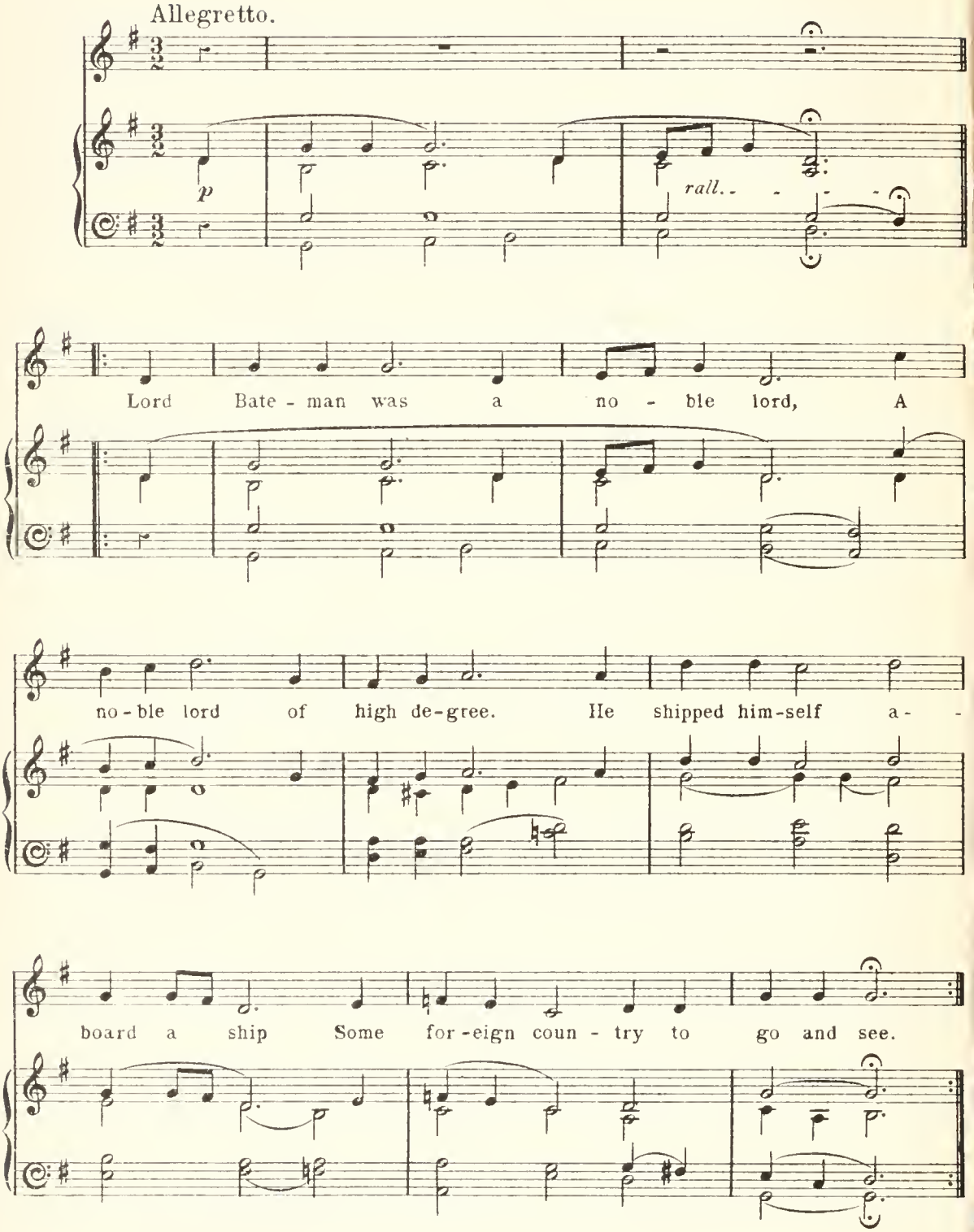
6 Come lower your topsail and brail-up your mizzen,
And bring your ship under my lee,
Or a full flowing ball I will fire at your tail, your tail, your tail,
All your dear bodies drown in the salt sea.

7 With broadside and broadside and at it they went,
For fully two hours or three,
When Henry Martin gave to her the death shot, the death shot, the death shot
Heavily listing to starboard went she.

8 The rich merchant ship she was wounded full sore;
Right down to the bottom went she.
And Henry Martin sailed away on the sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.

9 Bad news! bad news! unto fair London town,
Bad news I will tell unto thee;
They've robbed a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away,
All the bold sailors drowned in the salt sea.

Nº 11. Lord Bateman.


Allegretto.
p
rall.
Lord Bate - man was a no - ble lord, A
no - ble lord of high de - gree. He shipped him - self a -
board a ship Some for - eign coun - try to go and see.

11.—LORD BATEMAN.

1 Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree,
He shipped himself aboard a ship
Some foreign country to go and see.

2 He sail-ed east, he sail-ed west
Until he came to fair Turkey,
Where he was taken and put in prison
Until of life he was weary.

3 All in his prison grew a tree,
O there it grew so stout and strong,
About the middle he was chained,
Until his life it was almost gone.

4 This Turk he had one daughter fair,
The fairest maid two eyes could see;
She stole of her father the prison key
And said, Lord Bateman, he shall be free.

5 She to the cellar then took her way
And gave to him the best of wine:
And every health she to him drank,
Was "Would, Lord Bateman, that thou wert mine."

6 "For seven long years, I'll make a vow,
For seven long years, and keep't I can,
That if you'll wed no other maid,
Then I will wed not another man."

7 She took him to her father's port,
She gave to him a ship of fame.
Saying, "Farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear we never shall meet again."

8 Now seven long years are gone and past
And fourteen days, as I tell thee.
She pack'd up her apparel gay,
And said, Lord Bateman I must go see.

9 Now when she reach'd Lord Bateman's hall,
How boldly then she rang the bell,
"Who's there? Who's there?" does the porter call.
"O come unto me and quickly tell

10 "Is this Lord Bateman's castle high?
And is his lordship now within?"
"O yes, O yes," said the porter proud,
"He just is taking his young bride in."

11 "O bid him send me a slice of bread,
And send a bottle of choicest wine,
And bid him remember the fair young maid
Who set him free from his close confine."

12 And when Lord Bateman this did hear,
He broke his sword in splinters three,
And said, "My bride, you must home again.
The Turkish maid, she has come to me.

13 "Call up your maidens and all your men,
For you must speedily from me fare;
You came to me on a saddled horse,
You may go home in a coach and pair."

14 Lord Bateman made another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee,
And said, "I'll roam to no foreign lands
Now my Turkish maiden has crossed the sea."

Nº 12. The Outlandish Knight.

Allegro.
An out-lan-dish Knight from the
Northern lands He came a-court-ing of me. He said we should go to the
far, far land And there we should mar-ried be. "Go
fetch me some of your fa-ther's gold, And some of your mo-ther's fee, And
two of the best of your fa-ther's nags, That stand by thir-ty and three."

12.—THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

1 An outlandish Knight from the Northern lands
He came a-courting of me.
He said we should go to the far, far land,
And there we should married be.
"Go fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the best of your father's nags,
That stand by thirty and three."

2 She mounted with speed on her milk-white steed,
And he on a dapple-grey,
And away they did ride to the water's side
Six hours before the day.
"Un-light, un-light, my lady bright,
Deliver thy steed to me;
Six pretty maids have I drown-ed here,
And the seventh thou shalt be.

3 Take off, take off thy robe of silk
And lay it upon a stone,
The gay, gay gown is all too good
To lie in a watery tomb.
Take off, take off thy holland smock
And lay it upon a stone,
The holland smock is all too good
To lie in a watery tomb."

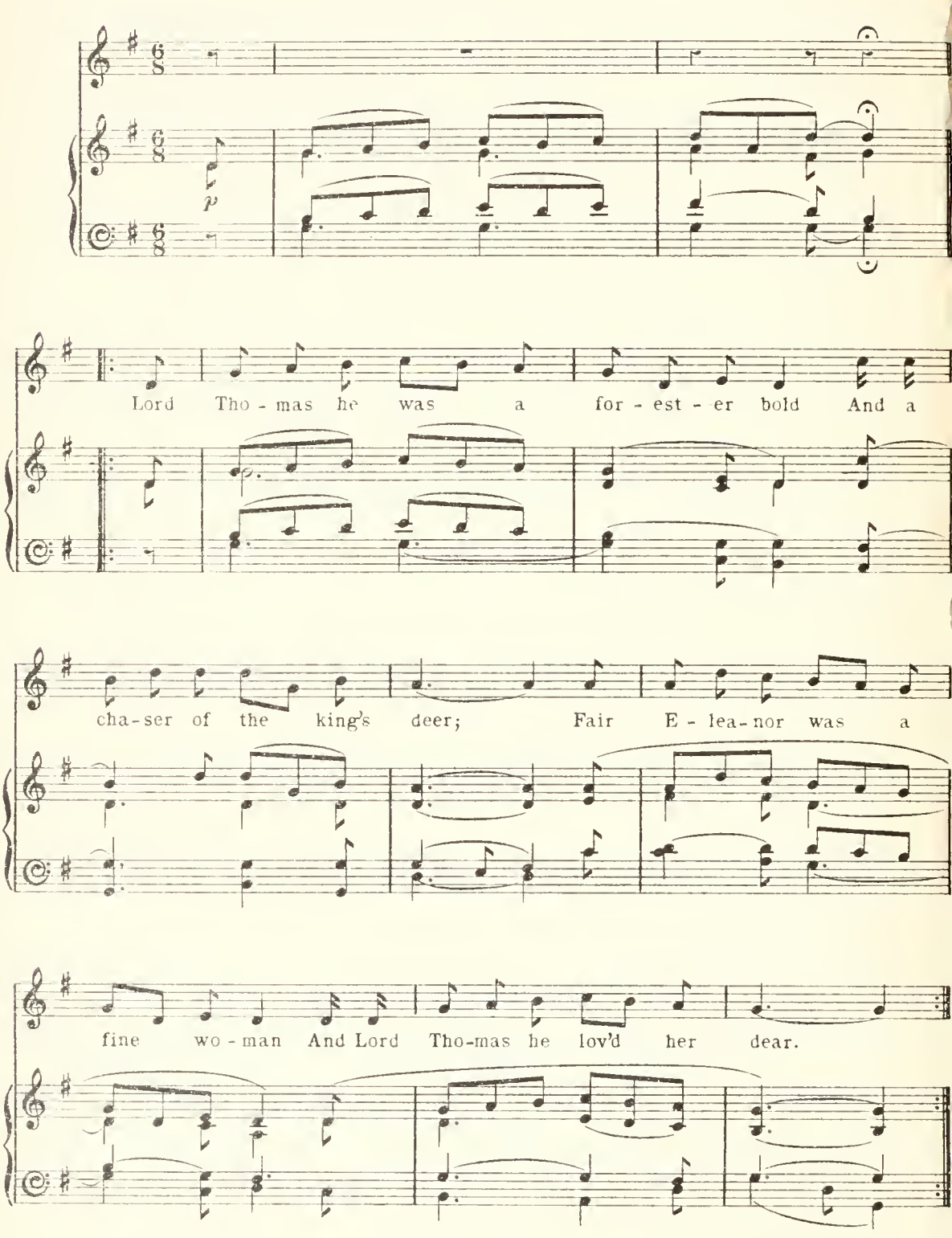
4 "If I must take off my holland smock
Then turn away from me,
For it ill befits an outlandish Knight
To view a stark lady.
And never blink, but from the brink
Pluck all the thistles away,
That they may not tangle my golden hair
Nor my milk-white skin may fray."

5 She gave him a push, and a hearty push,
And the false Knight push-ed in,
Saying "Swim, O swim, Outlandish Knight,
Thou never the land shall win."
She mounted with speed her milk-white steed,
And she led the iron-grey,
And away did ride to the Castle's side
Two hours before the day.

6 The parrot he sat in the window high,
And he laughed shrill, and did say,
I'm afraid some ruffian came here last night
And carried my lady away.
Her father was not so sound asleep,
But he heard what the bird did say,
And he call'd, "What waketh my pretty parrot
So early before the day?"

7 "The cat was up at the window high,
And the cat he would me slay,
So loud I did cry for help to be nigh
To drive the cat away."
Well turn'd, well turn'd, my pretty parrot,
A good turn done to me,
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold
And the door of ivory.

Nº 13. Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor.


p
Lord Tho - mas he was a for - est - er bold And a
cha-ser of the king's deer; Fair E - lea-nor was a
fine wo - man And Lord Tho-mas he lov'd her dear.

13.—LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR.

1 Lord Thomas he was a forester bold,
And a chaser of the king's deer;
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,"
he said,
"And riddle us both in one:
Shall I up and marry the fair Eleanor,
And let the brown girl alone?"

3 "The brown girl she has house and
lands,
Fair Eleanor she has none,
And therefore I charge thee on my
blessing,
To bring the brown girl home."

4 And as it befel on a holiday,
As many there be beside,
Lord Thomas he went to the fair
Eleanor,
That should have been his bride.

5 "What news, what news, Lord
Thomas?" she said,
"What news dost thou bring me?"
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee."

6 "O heaven forbid, Lord Thomas!" she
said,
"That thing should ne'er be done.
I ought to have been thy bride myself,
And thou shouldst have been bride-
groom."

7 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,"
she said,
"And riddle it all in one:
Shall I go myself to Lord Thomas's
wedding,
Or whether I tarry at home?"

8 "O here be many your friends,
daughtér,
And there be many your foe.
Therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't
go."

9 "There be many that are my friends,
mother,
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, or betide me death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

10 But when she came to Lord Thomas's
gate,
She knock-ed there at the ring,
And who was so ready as Lord
Thomas
To let fair Eleanor in?

11 "Is this your bride?" fair Eleanor
said;
"Methinks she is but brown;
Thou mightest have had as fair a
woman
As ever trod on the ground."

12 The brown bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharp,
And betwixt the short ribs and the
long,
She stabbed fair Eleanor's heart.

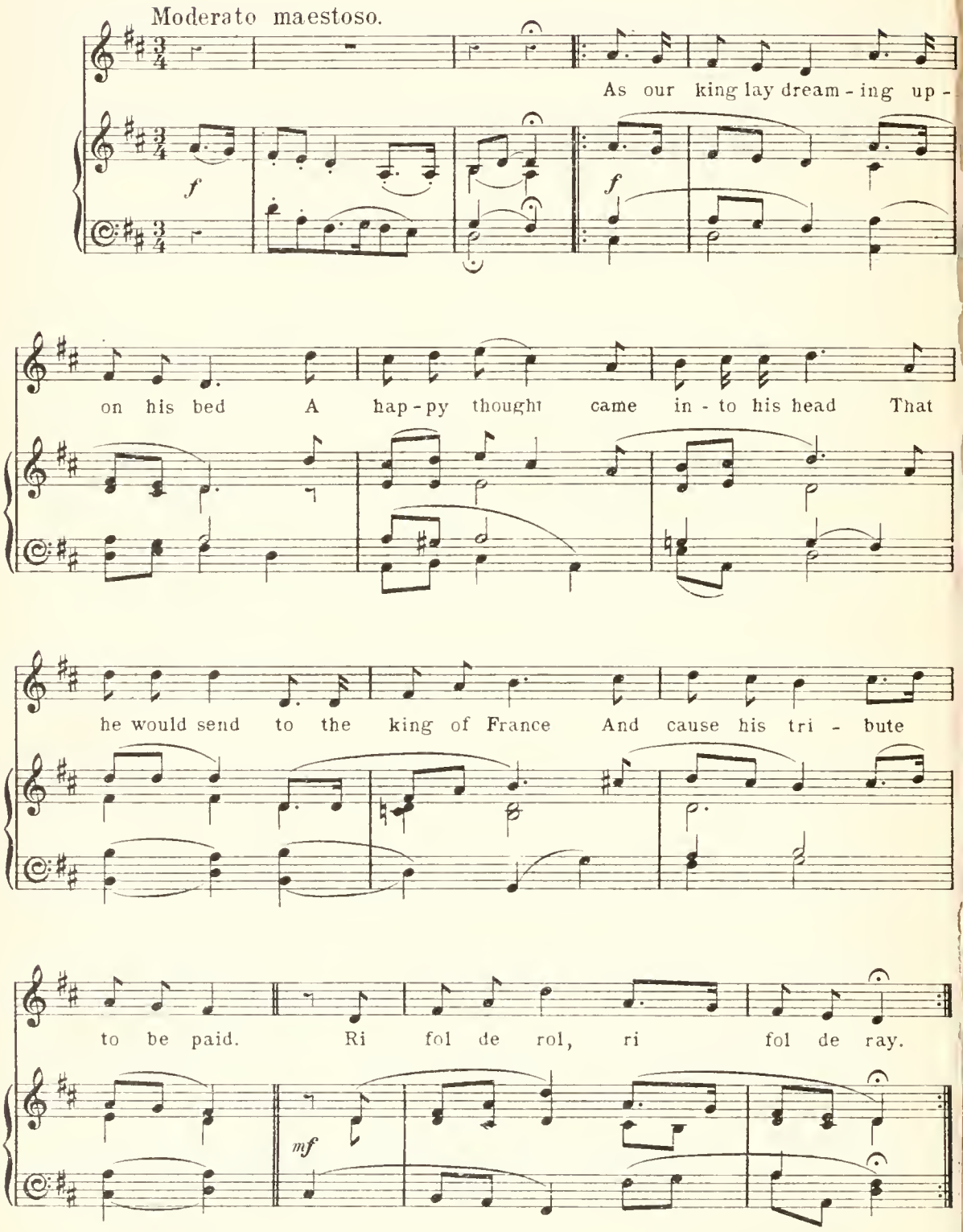
13 "O Eleanor fair," Lord Thomas he
said,
"Methinks you look wondrous wan;
You once had a colour as fresh as a
rose
As ever the sun shone on."

14 "O art thou blind, Lord Thomas?"
she said,
"Or canst thou not well see,
That here, here is falling my own
heart's blood,
A-trickling down my knee?"

15 Lord Thomas he had a sword at his
side
As he walk-ed in the hall,
He smote the brown bride's head from
her neck,
And threw it against the wall.

16 He set the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his heart.
There never three lovers together did
meet,
That sooner again did part.

No. 14. Henry V and the King of France.


Moderato maestoso.
As our king lay dream - ing up -
on his bed A hap - py thought came in - to his head That
he would send to the king of France And cause his tri - bute
to be paid. Ri fol de rol, ri fol de ray.

14.—HENRY V AND THE KING OF FRANCE.

1 As our King lay dreaming upon his bed
A happy thought came into his head,
That he would send to the King of France,
And cause his tribute to be paid.
Ri fol de rol, ri fol de ray.

2 Come here to me, my trusty page,
My trusty page, come here to me!
And you shall go to the King of France
To fetch the tribute due to me.

3 O then uprose that trusty page,
That trusty page then uprose he,
Until he came to the King of France,
And he went down on bended knee.

4 "What news, what news, my trusty page,
From English King what news to me?"
"O I have come from the English King
To fetch the tribute due from thee."

5 "Your King is young, of tender years,
And is not come to my degree,
So I will send him three tennis balls
That with them he may play, may he."

6 "Now come to me, my trusty page,
My trusty page, now come to me,
And we will send him such English balls
As in fair France they ne'er did see."

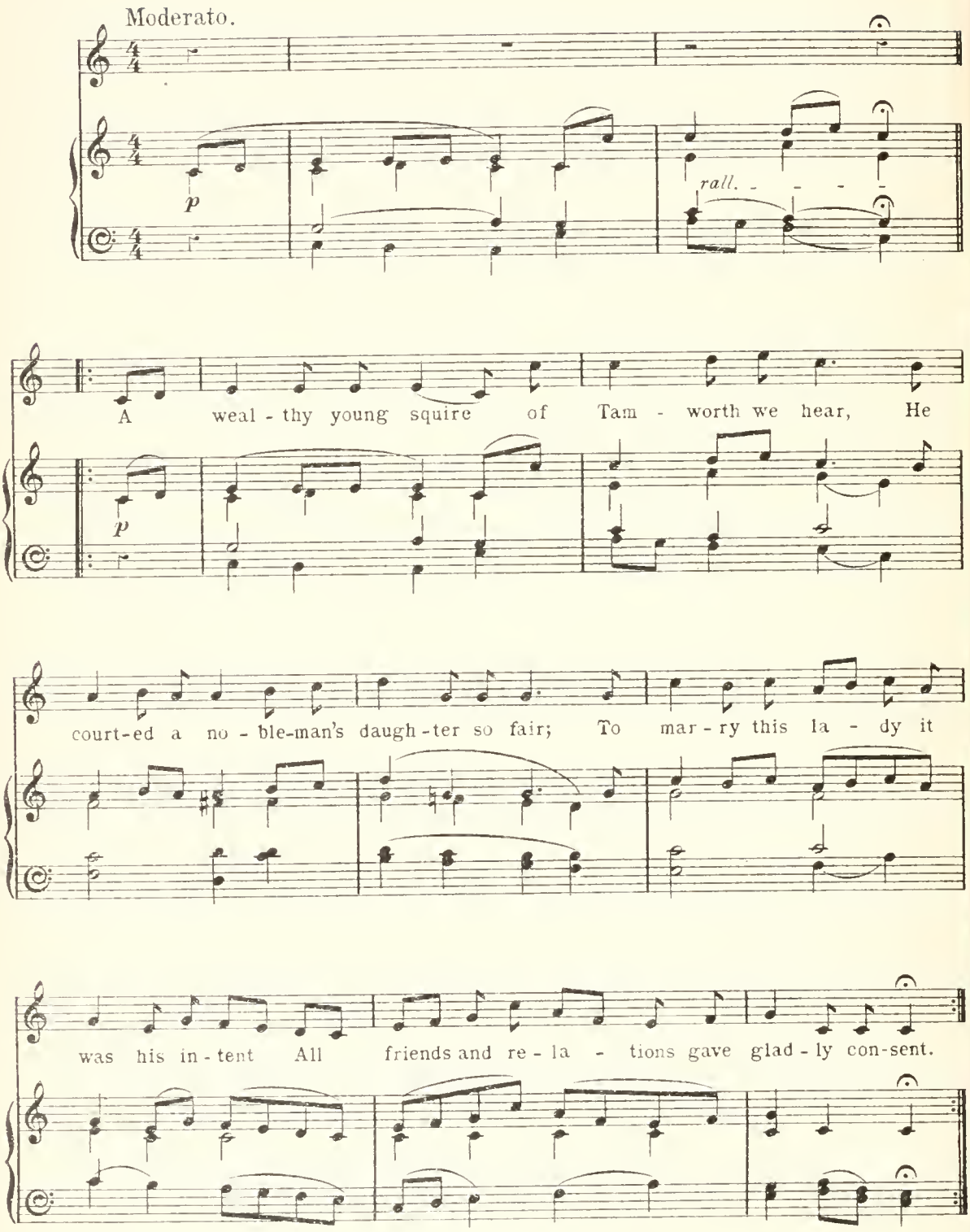
7 "Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby men that are so free.
No married man and no widow's son,
For no widow's curse shall light on me."

8 They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby men that are so free,
And when the numbers were counted o'er,
'Twas fifty thousand men and three.

9 They fought the French, they fought the King,
Until they gained the victory,
They fought the King until he cried—
"Have mercy on my men and me."

10 "O I will send the tribute home,
Ten tons of gold is due from me,
And the fairest lily that is in France
To the Rose of England give I free."
Ri fol de rol, ri fol de ray.

Nº 15. The golden Glove.


Moderato.
p
rall.
A weal - thy young squire of Tam - worth we hear, He
court-ed a no - ble-man's daugh-ter so fair; To mar - ry this la - dy it
was his in - tent All friends and re - la - tions gave glad - ly con-sent.

15.—THE GOLDEN GLOVE.

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
To marry this lady it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave gladly consent.

The time was appointed for their wedding day,
A young farmer chosen to give her away;
As soon as the farmer this lady did spy,
He inflam-ed her heart; "O my heart!" she did cry.

She turned from the squire, but nothing she said;
Instead of being married she took to her bed;
The thought of the farmer ran sore in her mind,
A way to secure him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And a-hunting she went with her dog and her gun;
She hunted a-round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full well.

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the field;
And as to discourse with him was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire, and give him his bride."
"No, sir," said the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

"Suppose that the lady should grant you her love?
You know that the squire your rival would prove."
"Why then," says the farmer, "with sword blade in hand,
By honour I'll gain her when she shall command."

It pleas-ed the lady to find him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a-hunting with dog and with gun.

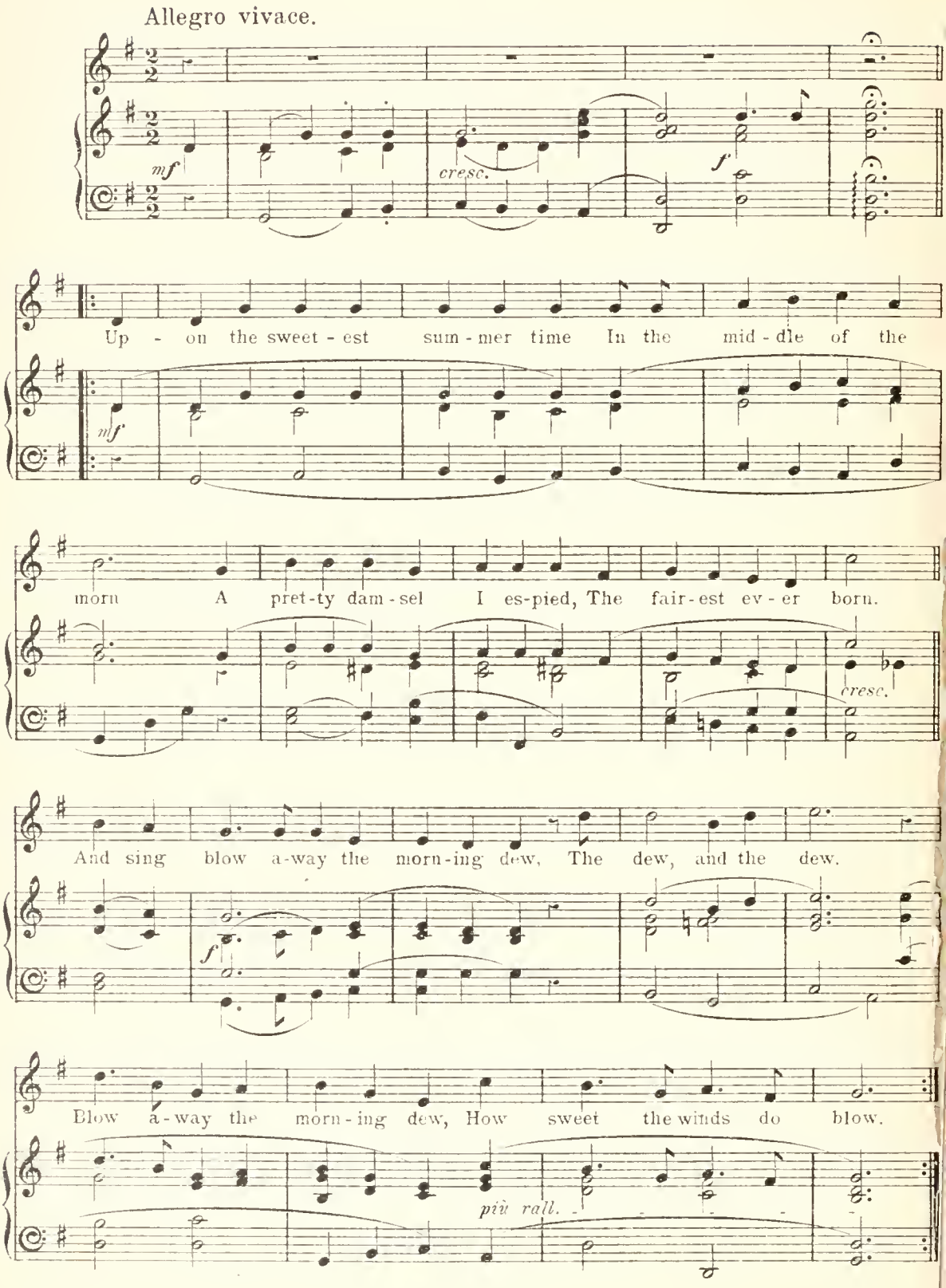
The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove:
And said, "Who has found it, and brings it to me,
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes:
"Dear honour-ed lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope you'll be pleas-ed to grant me your love."

"It already is granted, and I'll be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried.
"I'll be mistress of dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly brisk farmer sings shrill at the plough."

And when she was married she told of her fun,
How she went a-hunting with dog and with gun:
"And now I have got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare!"

No 16. Blow away the Morning Dew.


Allegro vivace.
mf
cresc.
f
Up - on the sweet - est sum - mer time In the mid - dle of the
mf
morn A pret-ty dam - sel I es-pied, The fair-est ev - er born.
cresc.
And sing blow a-way the morn-ing dew, The dew, and the dew.
f
Blow a - way the morn - ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow.
più rall.

16.—BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

1 Upon the sweetest summer time
In the middle of the morn,
A pretty damsel I espied,
The fairest ever born.

And sing blow away the morning dew,
The dew, and the dew.
Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

2 She gathered to her lovely flowers
And spent her time in sport;
As if in pretty Cupid's bowers
She daily did resort.

3 The yellow cowslip by the brim,
The daffodil as well,
The timid primrose, pale and trim,
The pretty snowdrop bell.

4 And ever, ever as she did
Those pleasant flowers pull,
She rais'd herself and fetch'd a sigh
And wish'd her apron full.

5 Then did I offer her to pluck
Of every flower that grew,
No herb nor flower then I missed
But only bitter rue.

6 Both she and I did bow in pain
To gather quite a store,
Until the modest maiden said,
"Kind sir, I'll have no more."

7 Yet still did I with willing heart
Essay some more to pull.
"No thank you, sir," she said, "we part,
Because my apron's full."

8 She's gone with all those flowers sweet,
Of white, of red and blue,
And unto me about my feet
Is only left the rue.

Nº 17. The Seeds of Love.

Moderato.
I sowed the seeds of
mf
mf
love, I sowed them in the spring: I
ga-thered them up in the morn-ing so soon, While small birds did sweet-ly
cresc.
sing, While small birds did sweet - ly sing.
dim.

17.—THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

1 I sowed the seeds of love,
  I sowed them in the spring:
I gathered them up in the morning so soon,
  While small birds did sweetly sing.

2 My garden was planted well
  With flowers everywhere,
But I had not the liberty then for to choose
  The flower that I lov-ed dear.

3 The gardener standing by,
  I ask-ed to choose for me;
He chose me the Violet, the Lily, and the Pink,
  But these I refus-ed all three.

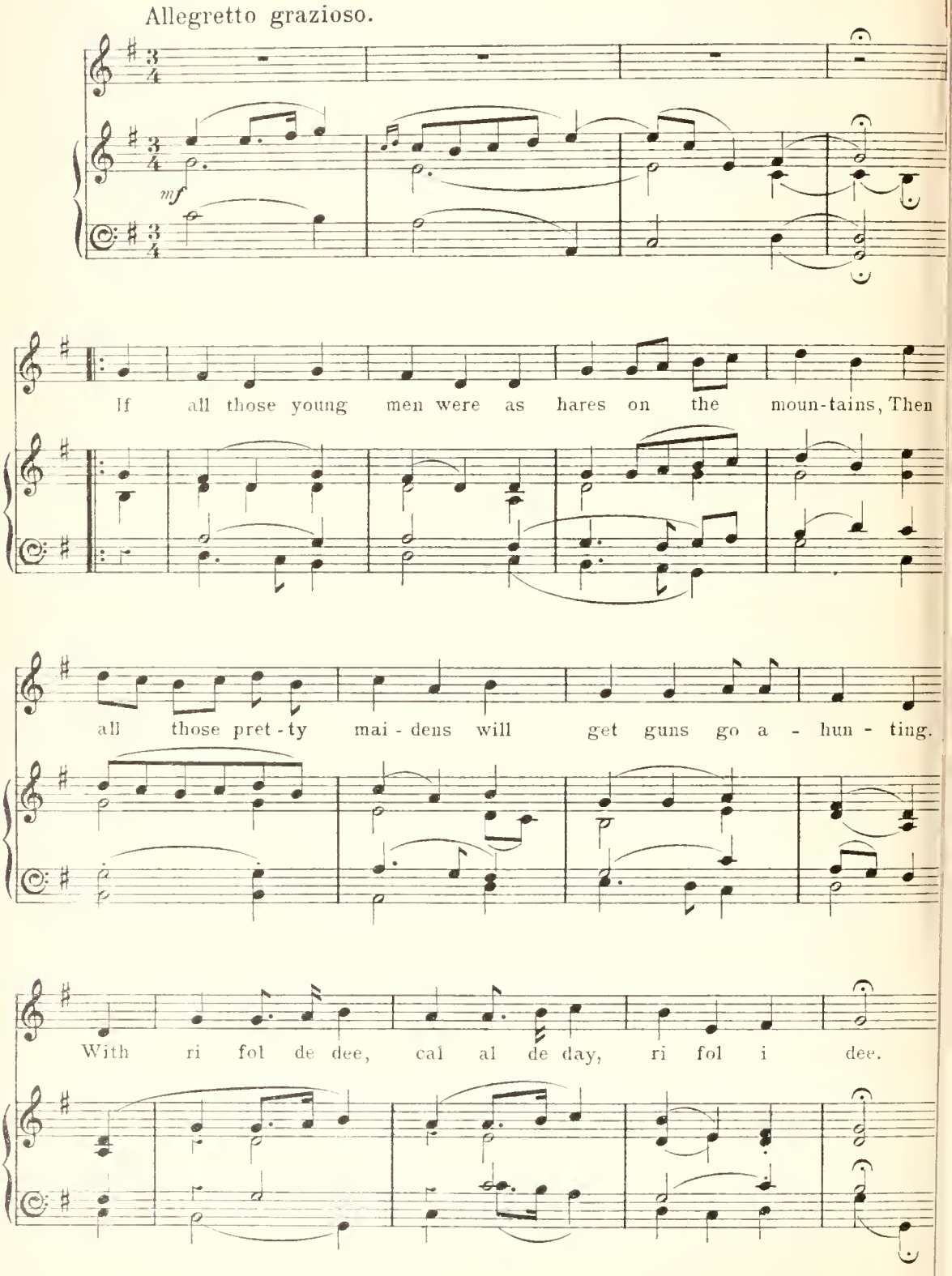
4 The Violet I did not like
  Because it fades so soon;
The Lily and the Pink I then did overthink,
  And vow-ed I'd stay till June.

5 In June is a red, red Rose,
  And that is the flower for me,
I'll pluck it and think that no Lily nor Pink
  Can match with the bud on that tree.

6 The gardener standing by,
  He bid me take great care;
For that under the blossom and under the leaves
  Is a thorn that will wound and tear.

7 Of Hyssop I'll take a spray,
  No other flowers I'll touch;
That all in the world may both see and may say,
  That I lov-ed one flower too much.

Nº 18. Hares on the Mountains.


Allegretto grazioso.
mf
If all those young men were as hares on the moun-tains, Then
all those pret-ty mai-dens will get guns go a-hun-ting.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

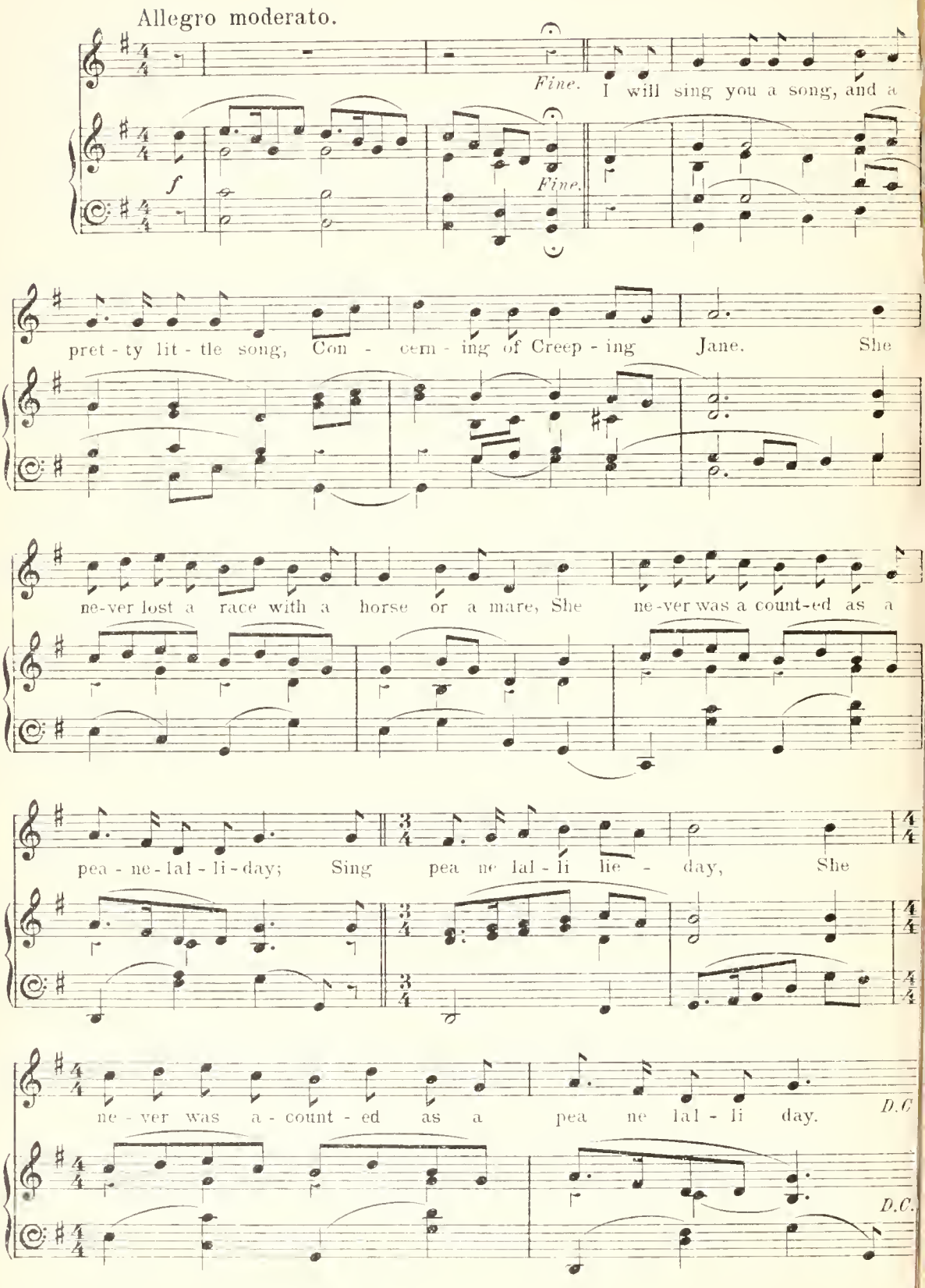
18.—HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

1 If all these young men were as hares on the mountains,
Then all these pretty maidens will get guns, go a-hunting.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

2 If all these young men were as rushes a-growing,
Then all these pretty maidens will get scythes go a-mowing.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

3 If all these young men were as ducks in the water,
Then all these pretty maidens will soon follow after.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

Nº19. Creeping Jane.


Allegro moderato.
Fine.
I will sing you a song, and a
f
Fine.
pret - ty lit - tle song, Con - cern - ing of Creep - ing Jane. She
ne-ver lost a race with a horse or a mare, She ne-ver was a count-ed as a
pea - ne - lal - li - day; Sing pea ne lal - li lie - day, She
ne - ver was a - count - ed as a pea ne lal - li day.
D.C
D.C.

19.—CREEPING JANE.

1 I will sing you a song, and a pretty little song,
Concerning of Creeping Jane.
She never lost a race with a horse or a mare,
She never was a-counted as a pea ne lalli day;
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day.
She never was a-counted as a pea ne lalli day.

2 Now when she came to the first mile post,
Little Jane she was behind,
All they could say of my little Creeping Jane:
My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!

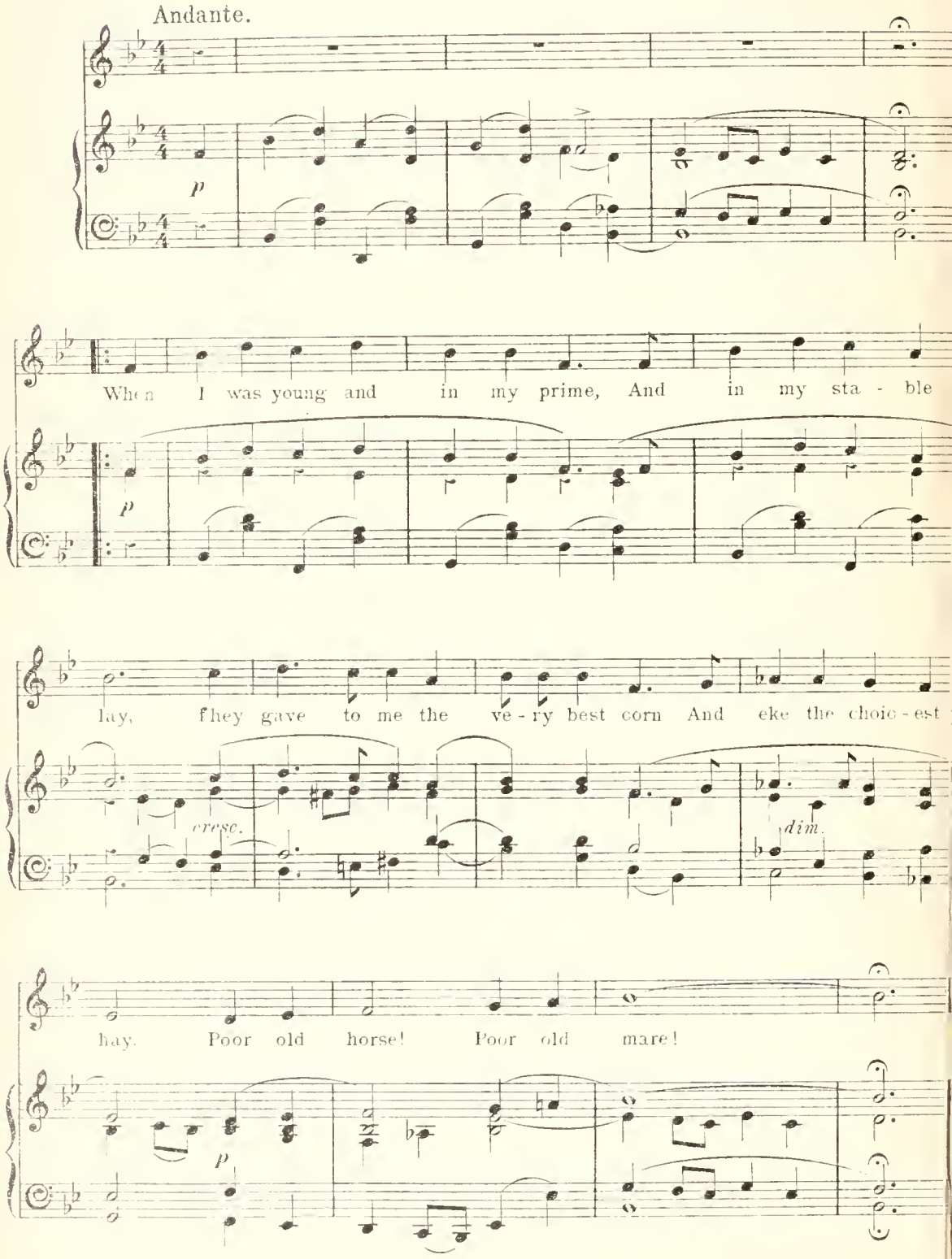
3 And when she came to the second mile post,
Little Jane she still kept behind,
All they could say of my little Creeping Jane:
My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!

4 But when she came to the third mile post,
Little Jane she still kept behind.
The rider clapt his whip round her slender little waist,
So she scudded o'er the marshes like a pea ne lalli day!
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
So she scudded o'er the marshes like a pea ne lalli day!

5 And now little Jane she has won the race;
She scarcely sweats a hair,
She is able for to race it all over again,
While the others are not able to trot the lalli day!
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
While the others are not able to trot the lalli day!

6 But now little Jane is dead and gone,
And her body lies on the cold ground.
I went unto the Master for to ask leave of him
For to keep her little body from the hounds and lalli day!
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
For to keep her little body from the hounds and lalli day!

Nº 20. Poor old Horse.


Andante.
p
When I was young and in my prime, And in my sta - ble
p
lay, they gave to me the ve - ry best corn And eke the choic - est
cresc.
dim.
hay. Poor old horse! Poor old mare!
p

20.—POOR OLD HORSE.

1 When I was young and in my prime
And in my stable lay,
They gave to me the very best corn
And eke the choicest hay.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

2 My master used to ride me out
O'er many a gate and stile,
O'er many a hedge and ditch I've gone,
And borne him many a mile.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

3 My feeding once was of the best,
The sweetest of sweet hay,
That ever grew in a green field
When fields with flowers were gay.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

4 Now I am old and quite done for
And fit for naught at all,
I'm forced to eat the sour grass
Upon the churchyard wall.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

5 Then lay my tott'ring legs so low
That have run very far,
In following the hounds and horn
O'er turnpike gate and bar.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

6 My hide I'll to the huntsman give,
My shoes I'll throw away;
The dogs shall eat my rotten flesh
And that's how I'll decay.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

No 21. High Germany.

Alla Marcia.
O Pol - ly, love, O
rall.
Pol - ly, the rout has now be - gun, And we must be a -
march - ing at the beat - ing of the drum; Go dress your-self all
marcato
8ves ad lib.
in your best and come a - long with me, I'll take you to the
ff
cru - el wars in High Ger-ma - ny.

21.—HIGH GERMANY.

1 O Polly love, O Polly, the rout has now begun,
And we must be a-marching at the beating of the drum;
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

2 O Harry love, O Harry, you hearken what I say;
My feet are all too tender, I cannot march away;
Besides, my dearest Harry, though man and wife we be,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany?

3 A horse I'll buy you, dapple grey, and on it you shall ride,
And all my heart's delight will be a-trotting at your side;
We'll ride o'er moor and mountain high, and breathe the air so free,
And jauntily we'll ride along in High Germany.

4 O no, my love, it may not be, I cannot with you ride,
For I have here my children dear, at home I must abide,
But all my thoughts and many prayers shall be the while with thee
As thou dost fight Old England's wars in High Germany.

5 O cursed are the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise,
They pressed my Harry from me, as all my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.

No22. Sweet England.

Andante grazioso.
p
As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in spring, To
p
hear the larks whis - tle, the col - ley - bird sing, I
cresc.
heard a fair maid - en a - mak - ing her moan, O a -
las! I'm a stran - ger a - - way from my home.

22.—SWEET ENGLAND.

1 As I was a-walking one morning in spring,
To hear the larks whistle, the colley-bird sing,
I heard a fair maiden a-making her moan,
O alas! I'm a stranger away from my home.

2 O where is your country I gladly would know,
And what mean the tears, that so freely do flow?
What made you to wander so far from your home,
And causes lament in a strange land alone?

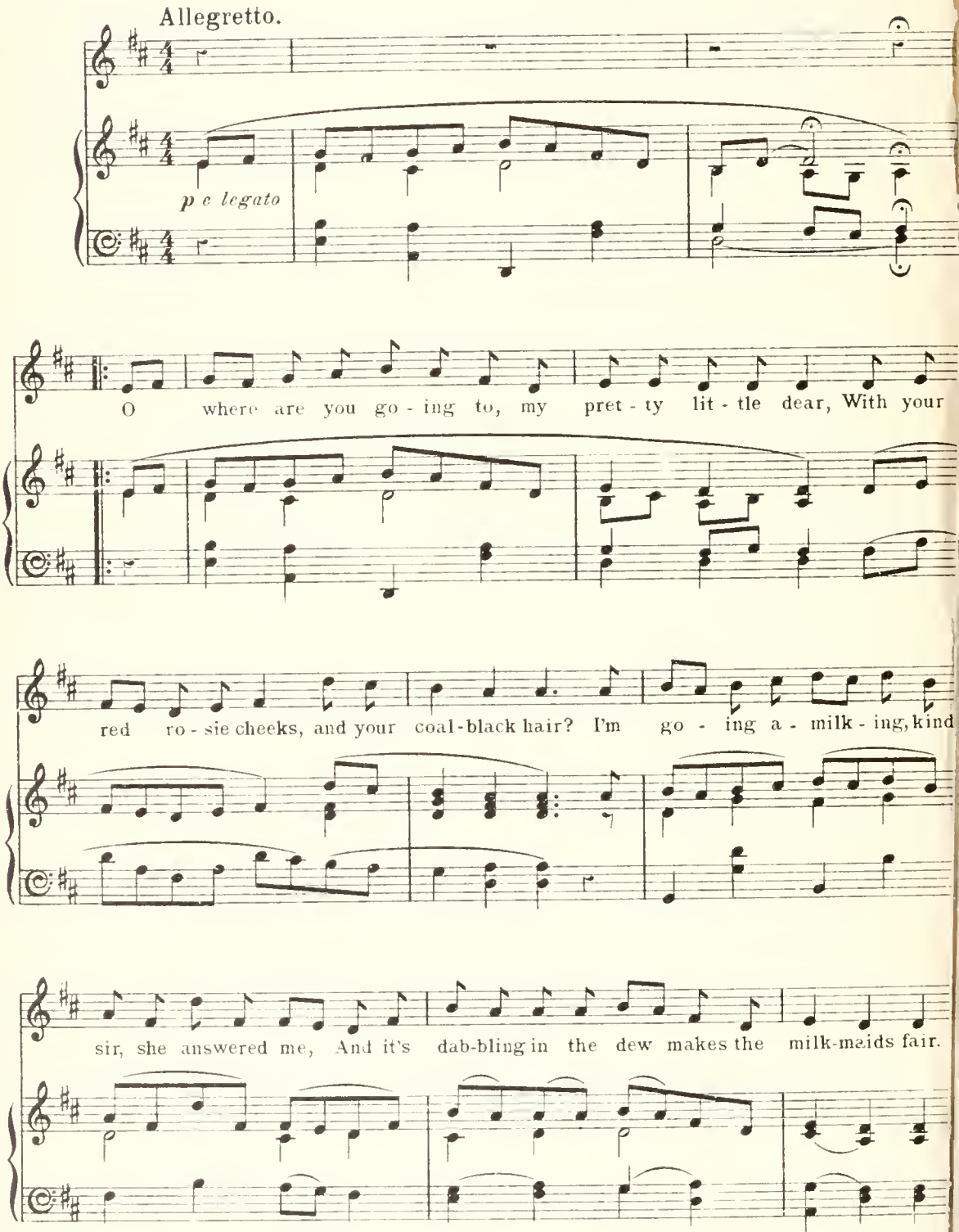
3 I came from sweet England, with mother and dad;
They thought in America all might be had,
Of gold and of silver and acres galore,
And never need hunger in poverty more.

4 But alas, for sweet England! my father is dead,
My mother could earn but a dollar for bread,
And alack! the white wings of the ships as they fly
Across the blue sea, and leave me here to die!

5 Now mother is dead, I am left all alone;
If I were in England no more would I roam.
I've an aunt who is grey, and she loves me amain,
Oh, will not some ship take me homeward again?

6 She has got a neat cottage, a rose at her door,
Her pans and her dishes I'd scrub, and her floor,
I'd kiss her old cheeks, and I'd nurse her in pain,
And thank God I was back in sweet England again.

Nº 23. Dabbling in the Dew.


Allegretto.
p e legato
O where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, With your
red ro - sie cheeks, and your coal-black hair? I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, kind
sir, she answered me, And it's dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.

23.—DABBLING IN THE DEW.

1 O where are you going to, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosie cheeks, and your coal-black hair?
I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

2 Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

3 Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses, a grey gallant pair?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

4 Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

5 Oh, but London's a city, my pretty little dear,
And all men are gallant and brave that are there.
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

6 Oh, fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair.
What's a ring on the finger, if rings are round the eye?
But it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Nº 24. The Three Huntsmen.

Con spirito.
There were three jo - vial
Welsh - men, As I have heard men say, And they would go a -
hunt - ing, boys, Up - on St Da - vid's Day. And all the day they
hunt - ed, But no - thing could they find, Ex - cept a ship a - sail - ing, A -
Più lento.
sail - ing with the wind. And a - hunt - ing they did go.

24.—THE THREE HUNTSMEN.

1 There were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard men say,
And they would go a-hunting, boys,
Upon St. David's Day.
And all the day they hunted,
But nothing could they find,
Except a ship a-sailing,
A sailing with the wind.
And a-hunting they did go.

2 One said it surely was a ship,
The second he said, Nay;
The third declared it was a house
With the chimney blown away.
Then all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
Except the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.
And a-hunting they did go.

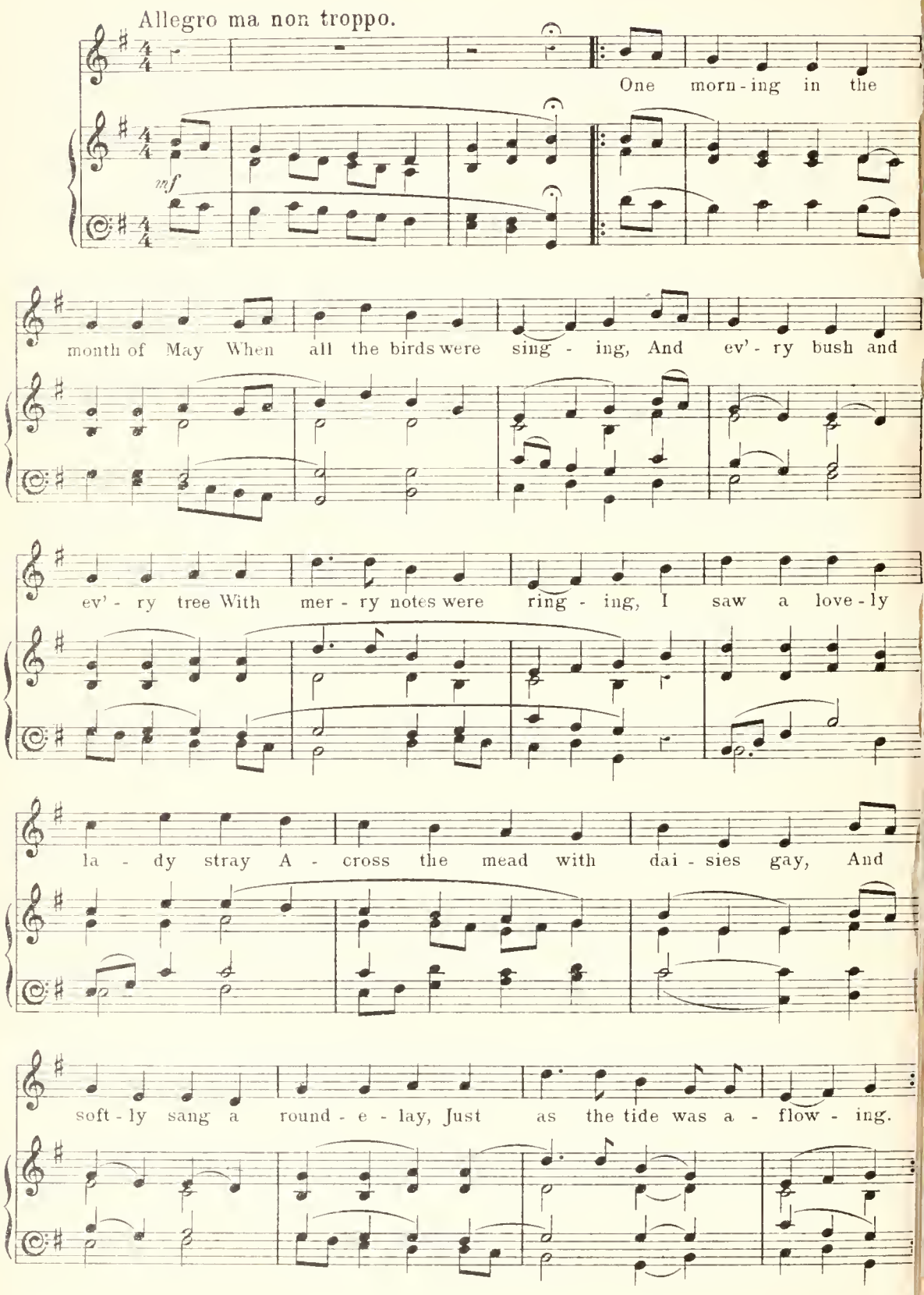
3 One said it surely was the moon,
The second he said, Nay;
The third declared it was a cheese
The half o't cut away.
Then all next day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
Except a hedgehog in a bush,
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

4 One said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said, Nay;
The third, it was a pincushion,
The pins stuck in wrong way.
Then all next night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
Except a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

5 One said it surely was a hare,
The second he said, Nay;
The third, he said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.
Then all next day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But one owl in a holly-tree
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

6 One said it surely was an owl,
The second he said, Nay;
The third said t'was an aged man
Whose beard was growing grey.
Then all three jovial Welshmen
Came riding home at last,
"For three days we have nothing killed,
And never broke our fast!"
And a-hunting they did go.

Nº 25. Just as the tide was a-flowing.


Allegro ma non troppo.
mf
One morn-ing in the
month of May When all the birds were sing - ing, And ev'- ry bush and
ev'- ry tree With mer - ry notes were ring - ing, I saw a love-ly
la - dy stray A - cross the mead with dai - sies gay, And
soft - ly sang a round - e - lay, Just as the tide was a - flow - ing.

25.—JUST AS THE TIDE WAS A-FLOWING.

1 One morning in the month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
And every bush and every tree
With merry notes were ringing,
I saw a lovely lady stray
Across the mead with daisies gay,
And softly sang a roundelay,
Just as the tide was a-flowing.

2 And this the burden of her song
As through the wet grass straying:
"Alack, a sailor travels long
From home, his king obeying;
A sailor's wife at home must bide"—
She halted, heavily she sighed,
"He parted from me—me a bride,
Just as the tide was a-flowing.

3 "The tide comes in, the tide goes out,
Twice every day returning,
And hope and sorrow, turn about,
Oppress my spirit yearning;
A hope deferred makes sick the heart,
My bosom ever feels a smart,
O when shall we two never part?"
Just as the tide was a-flowing.

4 Then lo! a boat towards her came,
A sailor hard was rowing;
The sun arose in sheets of flame,
And all the east was glowing.
"My husband! husband! back from sea!"
She cried, "he comes, he comes to me,"
And tears and pain together flee
Just as the tide was a-flowing.

No 26. The merry Haymakers.

Allegro.
The gol - den sun is shin - ing bright, The dew is off the
mf
field; To us it is our main de - light The fork and rake to wield.
The pipe and ta - bor both shall play, The vi - ols loud - ly ring, From
f
morn till eve each sum - mer day, As we go hay - ma - king.
D.
D. C

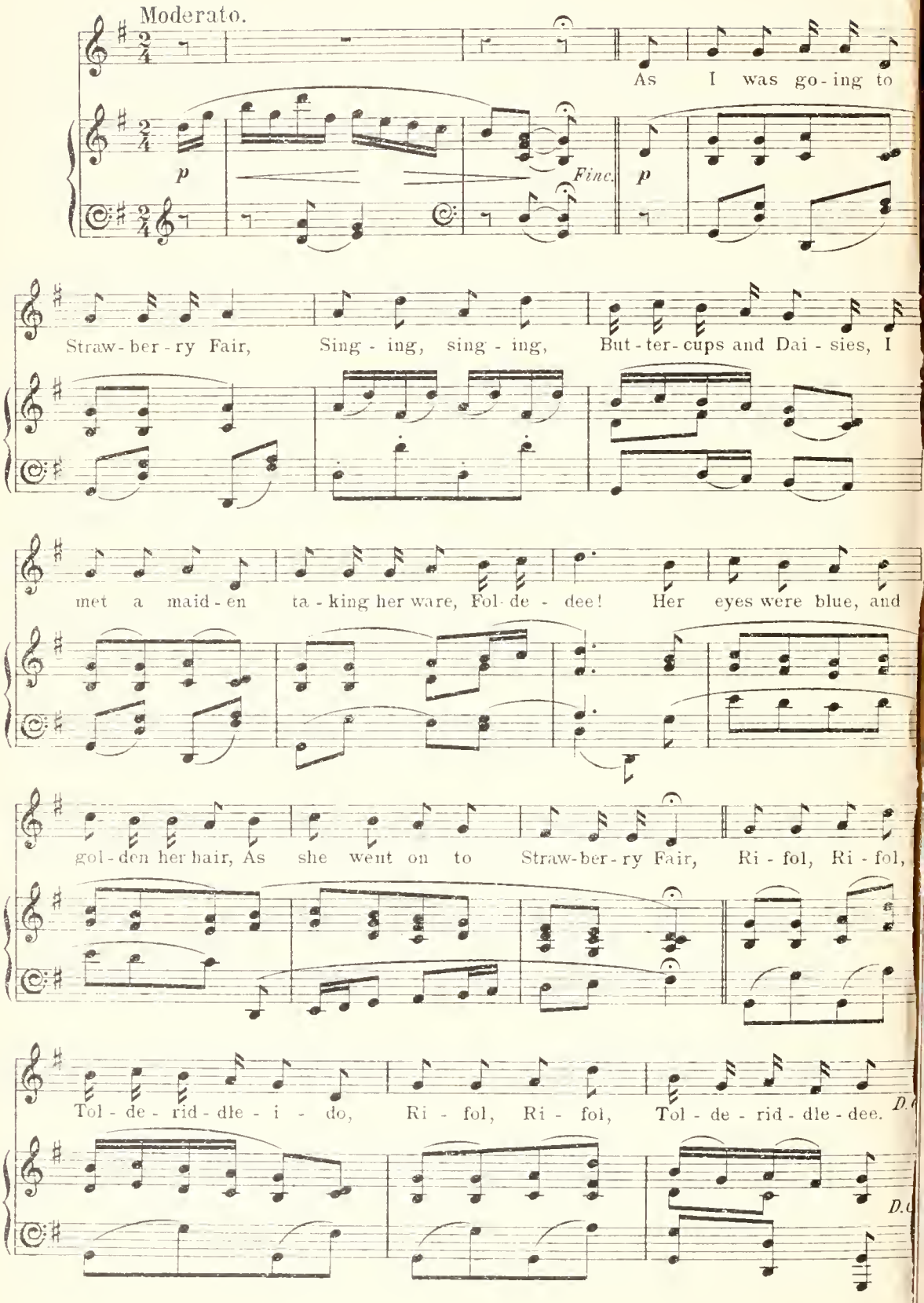
26.—THE MERRY HAYMAKERS.

1 The golden sun is shining bright,
The dew is off the field;
To us it is our main delight
The fork and rake to wield.
The pipe and tabor both shall play,
The viols loudly ring,
From morn till eve each summer day,
As we go haymaking.
The pipe and tabor, &c.

2 As we, my boys, haymaking go,
All in the month of June,
Both Tom and Bet, and Jess and Joe,
Their happy hearts in tune.
O up come lusty Jack and Will,
With pitchfork and with rake,
And up come dainty Doll and Jill,
The sweet, sweet hay to make.
The pipe and tabor, &c.

3 O when the haysel all is done,
Then in the arish grass,
The lads shall have their fill of fun,
Each dancing with his lass.
The good old farmer and his wife
Shall bring the best of cheer,
I would it were, aye, odds my life!
Haymaking all the year.
The pipe and tabor, &c.

Nº 27. Strawberry Fair.


Moderato.
As I was go-ing to
p
Fine.
p
Straw-ber-ry Fair, Sing-ing, sing-ing, But-ter-cups and Dai-sies, I
met a maid-en ta-king her ware, Fol-de-dee! Her eyes were blue, and
gol-den her hair, As she went on to Straw-ber-ry Fair, Ri-fol, Ri-fol,
Tol-de-rid-dle-i-do, Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-rid-dle-dee.
D.C.
D.C.

27.—STRAWBERRY FAIR.

1 As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
I met a maiden taking her ware,
Fol-de-dee!
Her eyes were blue and golden her hair,
As she went on to Strawberry Fair,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

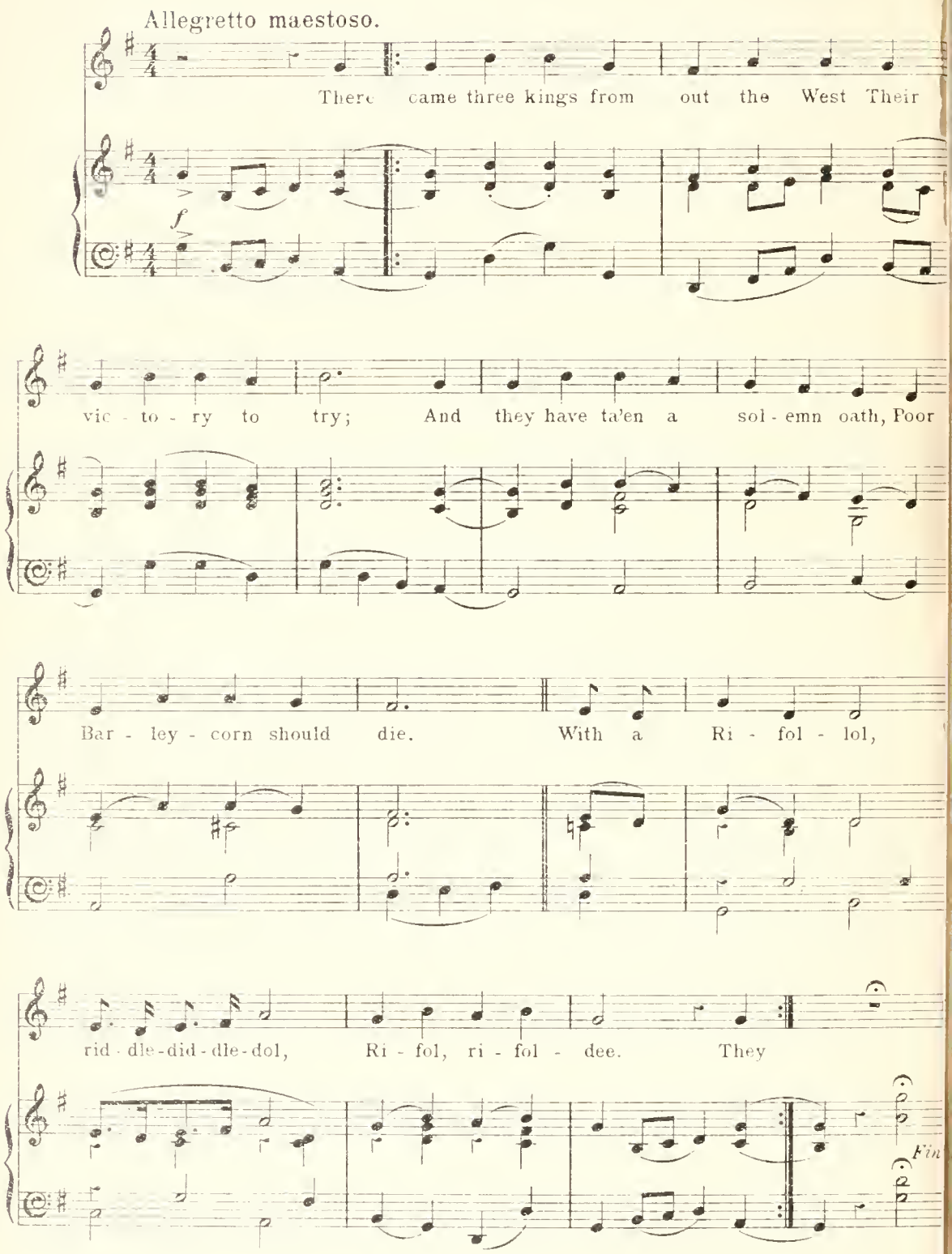
2 "Kind sir, pray pick of my basket!" she said,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
"My cherries ripe, or my roses red,
Fol-de-dee!
My strawberries sweet, I can of them spare,
As I go on to Strawberry Fair."
Ri-fol, &c.

3 Your cherries soon will be wasted away,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
Your roses wither and never stay,
Fol-de-dee!
'Tis not to seek such perishing ware,
That I am tramping to Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol, &c.

4 I want to purchase a generous heart,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
A tongue that is neither nimble nor tart.
Fol-de-dee!
An honest mind, but such trifles are rare,
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol, &c.

5 The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
A ring of gold on your finger displayed,
Fol-de-dee!
So come, make over to me your ware
In church to-day at Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

Nº 28. Sir John Barleycorn.


Allegretto maestoso.
There came three kings from out the West Their
f
vic - to - ry to try; And they have ta'en a sol - emn oath, Poor
Bar - ley - corn should die. With a Ri - fol - lol,
rid - dle - did - dle - dol, Ri - fol, ri - fol - dee. They
Fin

28.—SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There came three kings from out the West
Their victory to try;
And they have ta'en a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn should die.
With a Ri-fol-lol, riddle-diddle-dol,
Ri-fol, ri-fol-dee.

They took a plough and ploughed him in,
Clods harrowed on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

There he lay sleeping in the ground
Till rain did on him fall;
Then Barleycorn sprang up his head,
And so amazed them all.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

There he remained till midsummer
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard
And so became a man.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor Johnny Barleycorn
They served most barbarouslie.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c

6 Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
To pierce him through the heart;
And like a doleful tragedy
They bound him in a cart.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

7 And then they brought him to a barn
A prisoner to endure;
And next they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

8 Then they set men with holly clubs,
To beat the flesh from th'bones;
But the miller served him worse than that—
He ground him 'twixt two stones.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

9 Oh! Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That e'er was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

10 It will make a boy into a man,
A man into an ass;
To silver it will change your gold,
Your silver into brass.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

11 Oh! Barleycorn is th'choicest grain
That e'er was sown on land.
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.
With a Ri-fol-lol, &c.

Nº 29. The simple Ploughboy.

Moderato.
O the Plough-boy was a-plough-ing With his hor - ses on the plain, And was
sing-ing of a song as on went he. "Since that I have fall'n in love, If the
par - ents dis - ap - prove, 'Tis the first thing that will send me to the
sea, to the sea, 'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea."

29.—THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY.

1 O the Ploughboy was a-ploughing
With his horses on the plain,
And was singing of a song as on went he:
"Since that I have fall'n in love,
If the parents disapprove,
'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea."

2 When the parents came to know
That their daughter loved him so,
Then they sent a gang, and pressed him for the sea;
And they made of him a tar,
To be slain in cruel war;
Of the simple Ploughboy singing on the lea.

3 The maiden sore did grieve,
And without a word of leave,
From her father's house she fled secretlie,
In male attire dress'd,
With a star upon her breast,
All to seek her simple Ploughboy on the sea.

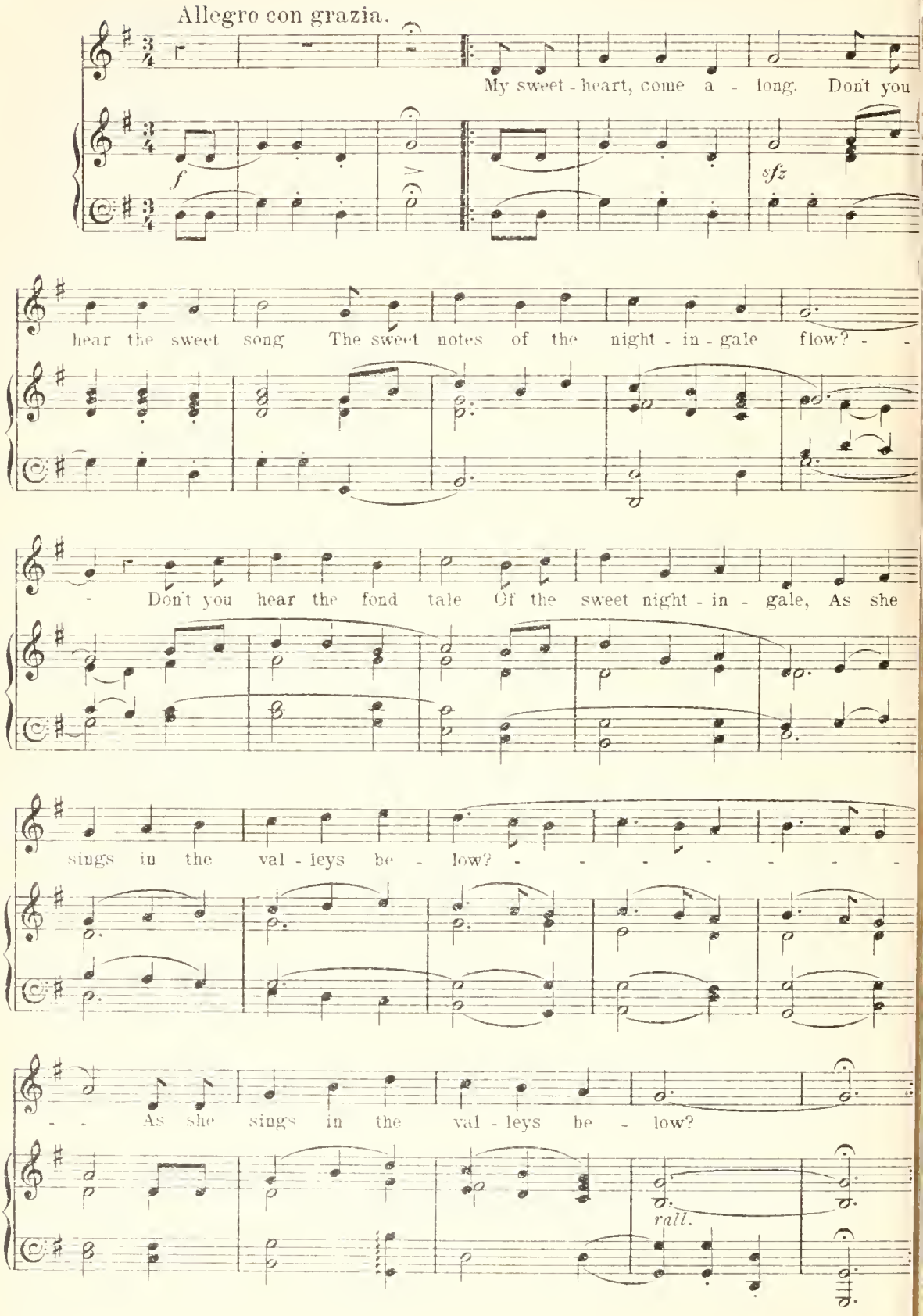
4 Then she went o'er hill and plain,
And she walked in wind and rain,
Till she came unto the brink of the blue sea.
Saying, "I am forced to rove,
For the loss of my true love,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea."

5 Now the first she did behold,
O it was a sailor bold,
"Have you seen my simple Ploughboy?" then said she.
They have pressed him to the fleet,
Sent him tossing on the deep,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea."

6 Then she went to the Captain,
And to him she made complain,
"O a silly Ploughboy's run away from me!"
Then the Captain smiled and said,
"Why, sir! surely you're a maid!
So the Ploughboy I will render up to thee."

7 Then she pull-ed out a store
Of five hundred crowns and more,
And she strewed them on the deck, did she,
Then she took him by the hand,
And she rowed him to the land,
Where she wed the simple Ploughboy back from sea.

№ 30. Sweet Nightingale.


Allegro con grazia.
My sweet - heart, come a - long. Don't you
f
sfz
hear the sweet song The sweet notes of the night - in - gale flow? - -
- Don't you hear the fond tale Of the sweet night - in - gale, As she
sings in the val - leys be - low? - - - - - - -
- - As she sings in the val - leys be - low?
rall.

30.—SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

1 My sweetheart, come along,
Don't you hear the sweet song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
Don't you hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below?

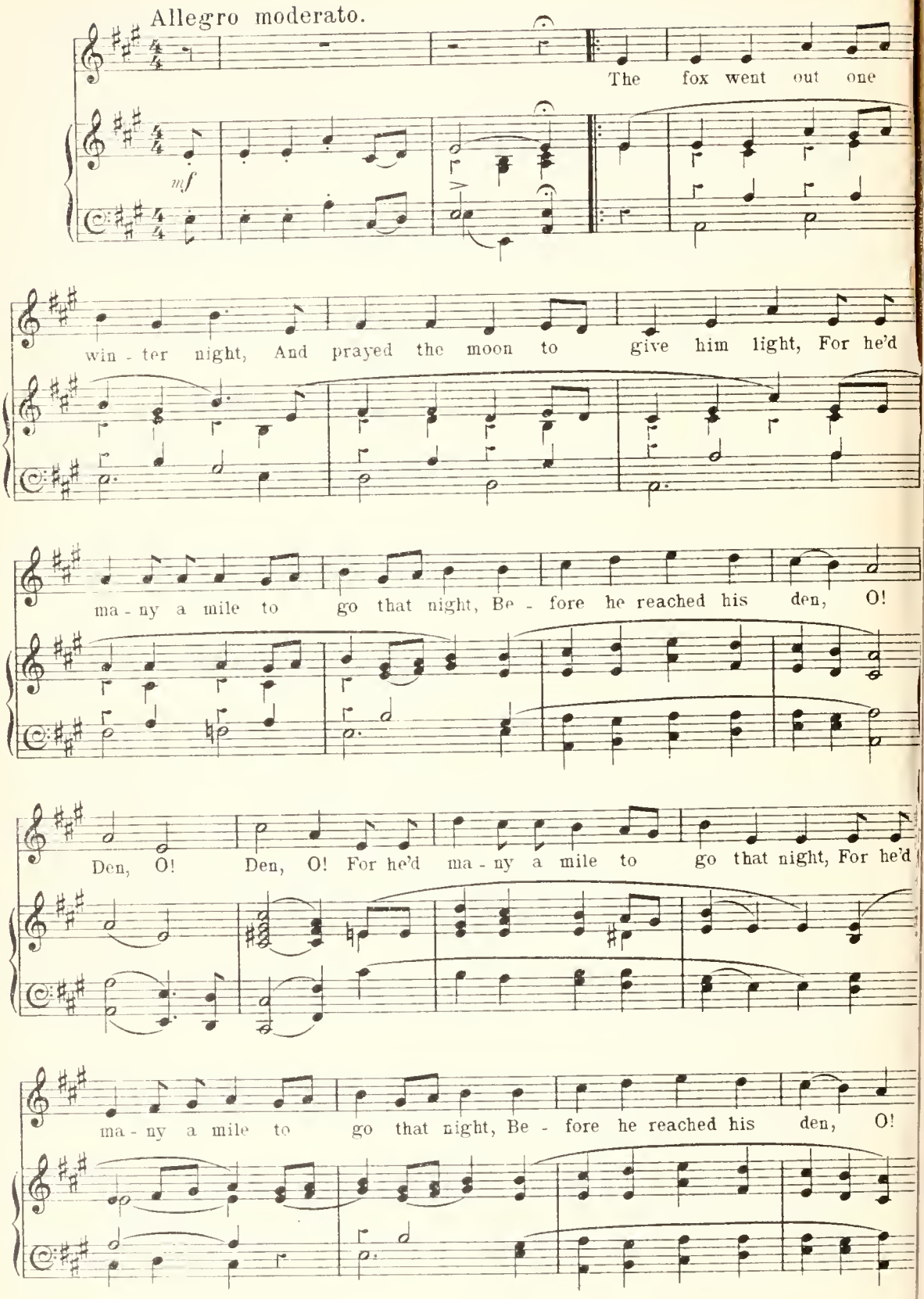
2 Pretty Betty, don't fail,
For I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cot as we go;
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

3 Pray let me alone,
I have hands of my own,
Along with you, sir, I'll not go,
To hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

4 Pray sit yourself down
With me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow,
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

5 The couple agreed,
And were married with speed,
And soon to the church they did go;
No more is she afraid
For to walk in the shade,
Nor to sit in those valleys below.

Nº 31. The Fox.


Allegro moderato.
mf
The fox went out one
win - ter night, And prayed the moon to give him light, For he'd
ma - ny a mile to go that night, Be - fore he reached his den, O!
Den, O! Den, O! For he'd ma - ny a mile to go that night, For he'd
ma - ny a mile to go that night, Be - fore he reached his den, O!

31.—THE FOX.

1 The fox went out one winter night,
And prayed the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night.
Before he reached his den, oh!
Den, oh! Den, oh!
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached his den, oh!

2 At last he came to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese were all afear'd.
"The best of you all shall grease my beard,
Before I leave the town, oh!
Town, oh! Town, oh!
"The best of you all," &c.

3 He took the grey goose by the neck,
He laid a duck across his back,
And heeded not their quack! quack! quack!
The legs all dangling down, oh!
Down, oh! Down, oh!
And heeded not their, &c.

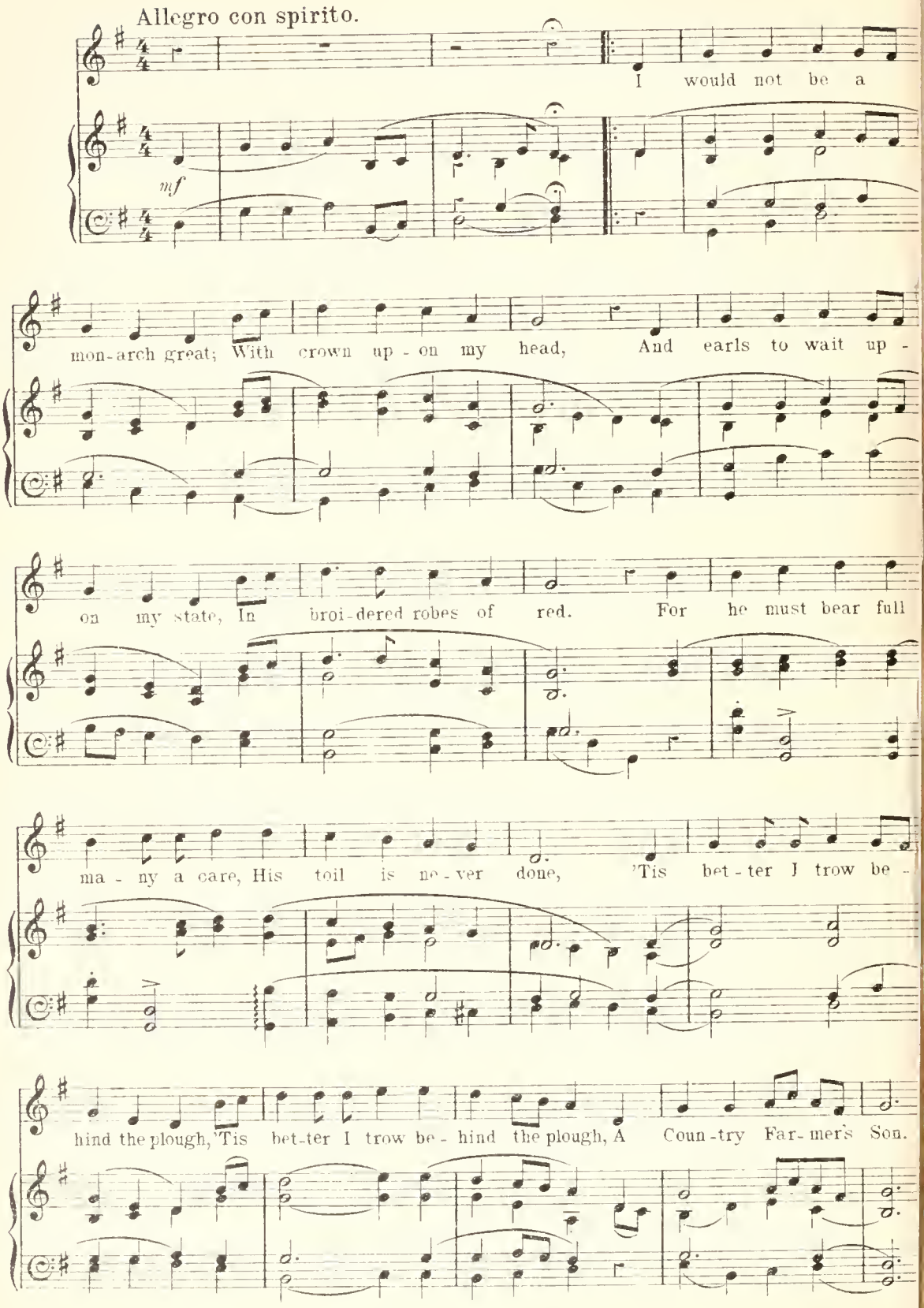
4 Then old mother Slipper Slopper jump'd out of bed
And out of the window she popt her head,
Crying, "Oh! John, John! the grey goose is dead,
And the fox is over the down, oh!"
Down, oh! Down, oh!
Crying, "Oh! John, John!" &c.

5 Then John got up to the top o' the hill,
And blew his horn both loud and shrill,
"Blow on," said Reynard, "your music still,
Whilst I trot home to my den, oh!"
Den, oh! Den, oh!
"Blow on," said Reynard, &c.

6 At last he came to his cosy den,
Where sat his young ones, nine or ten,
Quoth they, "Daddy, you must go there again,
For sure 'tis a lucky town, oh!"
Town, oh! Town, oh!
Quoth they, "Daddy," &c.

7 The fox and wife, without any strife,
They cut up the goose without fork or knife,
And said, 'twas the best they had eat in their life,
And the young ones pick'd the bones, oh!
Bones, oh! Bones, oh!
And said, 'twas the best, &c.

Nº 32. The Country Farmer's Son.


Allegro con spirito.
mf
I would not be a
mon-arch great; With crown up-on my head, And earls to wait up-
on my state, In broi-dered robes of red. For he must bear full
ma-ny a care, His toil is ne-ver done, 'Tis bet-ter I trow be-
hind the plough, 'Tis bet-ter I trow be-hind the plough, A Coun-try Far-mer's Son.

32.—THE COUNTRY FARMER'S SON.

1 I would not be a monarch great,
With crown upon my head,
And earls to wait upon my state,
In broidered robes of red.
For he must bear full many a care,
His toil is never done;
'Tis better I trow behind the plough,
A Country Farmer's Son.

2 I would not be a merchant rich,
And eat off silver plate,
And ever dread, when laid abed,
Some freakish turn of fate:
One day on high, then ruin nigh,
Now wealthy, now undone;
'Tis better for me at ease to be
A Country Farmer's Son.

3 I trudge about the farm all day,
To know that all things thrive;
A maid I see that pleaseth me,
Why then I'm fain to wive.
Not over rich, I do not itch
For wealth, but what is won
By honest toil from out of the soil,
A Country Farmer's Son.

№ 33. The Cuckoo.

Con grazia.
mf
The cuc-koo is a pret-ty bird, She sing-eth as she flies; She
bring-eth us good ti-dings, She tel-leth us no lies; She suck-eth all sweet
flow-ers To keep her throt-tle clear, And ev-'ry time she sing-eth
Cuc-koo, Cuc-koo, Cuc-koo, The sum-mer draw-eth near.

33.—THE CUCKOO.

1 The cuckoo is a pretty bird,
  She singeth as she flies;
She bringeth us good tidings,
  She telleth us no lies;
She sucketh all sweet flowers
  To keep her throttle clear,
And every time she singeth
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
  The summer draweth near.

2 The cuckoo is a giddy bird,
  No other is as she,
That flits across the meadow,
  That sings in every tree.
A nest she never buildeth,
  A vagrant she doth roam;
Her music is but tearful—
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
  "I nowhere have a home."

3 The cuckoo is a witty bird,
  Arriving with the spring.
When summer suns are waning
  She spreadeth wide her wing.
She flies th'approaching winter,
  She hates the rain and snow;
Like her, I would be singing,
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
  And off with her I'd go!

No 34. The Jolly Waggoner.

Con spirito.
When first I went a - wag-gon-ing, A - wag-gon-ing did go, I filled my parents'
mf
hearts with griefWith sor-row, care and woe; And ma - ny are the hard-ships That
I have since gone thro'. Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! Drive on, my lads, I - ho! Who
f
would not lead the stir-ring life We jol-ly waggoners do? Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! Drive
ff
p
8vas ad lib.
D.C.
on, my lads, I - ho! Who would not lead the stir-ring life We jol-ly waggon-ers do?
D.C.

34.—THE JOLLY WAGGONER.

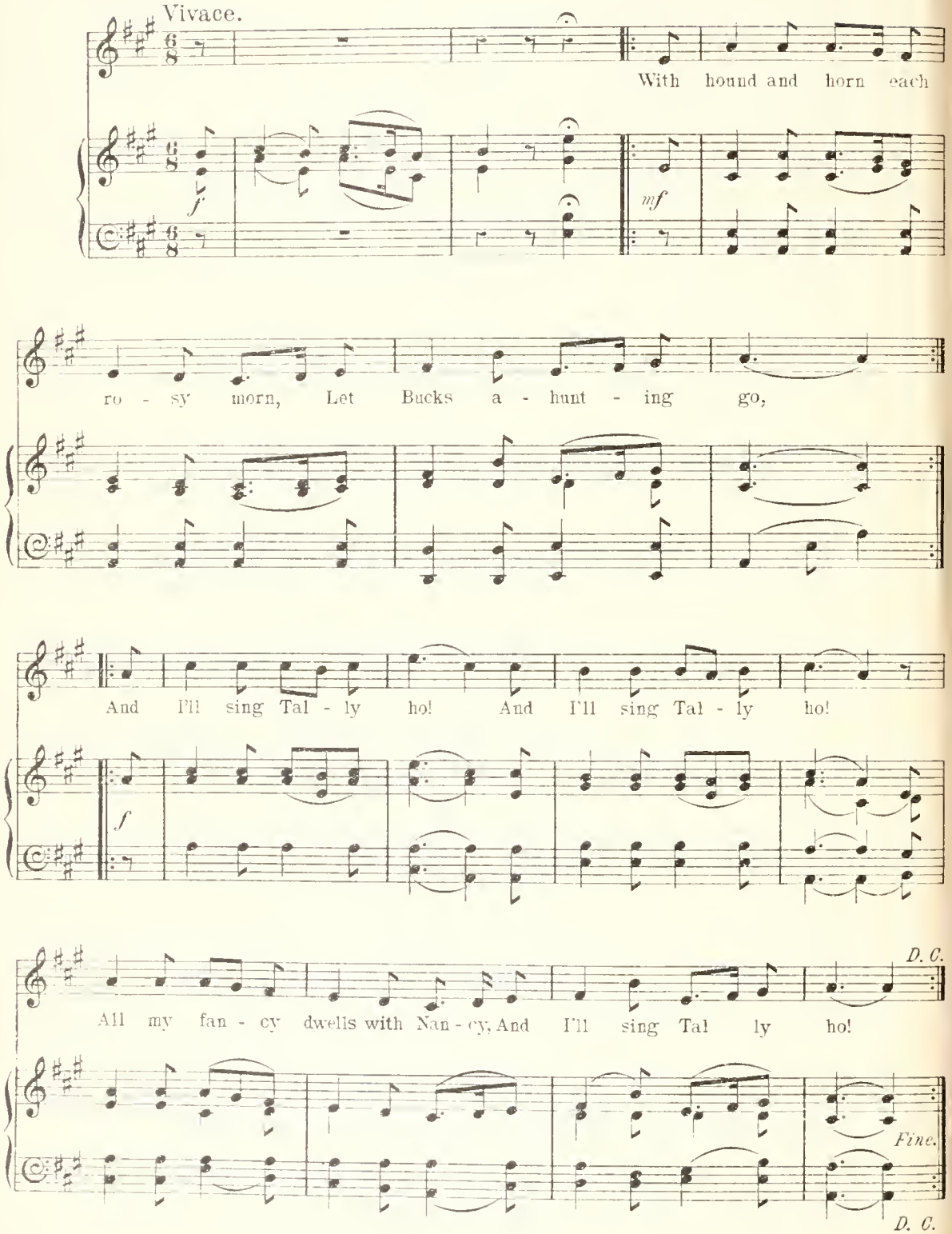
1 When first I went a-waggoning,
A-waggoning did go,
I filled my parents' hearts with grief,
With sorrow, care, and woe;
And many are the hardships
That I have since gone thro'.
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo!
Drive on, my lads, I-ho!
Who would not lead the stirring life
We jolly waggoners do?

2 Upon a cold and stormy night
When wetted to the skin,
I bear it with a contented heart,
Until I reach the inn,
And then we sit about the fire,
With landlord and his kin.
Sing wo! &c.

3 Now summer is a-coming on,
What pleasures shall we see!
The merry finch is twittering
On every greenwood tree;
The blackbird and the thrushes too,
Are whistling merrily.
Sing wo! &c.

4 When Michaelmas is coming on,
We'll pleasure also find,
We'll make the gold to fly, my boys,
Like chaff before the wind,
And every lad will home return
To wife and children kind,
Sing wo! &c.

Nº 35. Let Bucks a-hunting go.


Vivace.
With hound and horn each
f
mf
ro - sy morn, Let Bucks a - hunt - ing go,
And I'll sing Tal - ly ho! And I'll sing Tal - ly ho!
f
All my fan - cy dwells with Nan - cy, And I'll sing Tal ly ho!
D. C.
Fine.
D. C.

35.—LET BUCKS A-HUNTING GO.

1 With hound and horn each rosy morn,
Let Bucks a-hunting go,
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
All my fancy dwells with Nancy,
And I'll sing Tally ho!
And I'll sing Tally ho! I'll sing Tally ho!
All my fancy dwells with Nancy,
And I'll sing Tally ho!

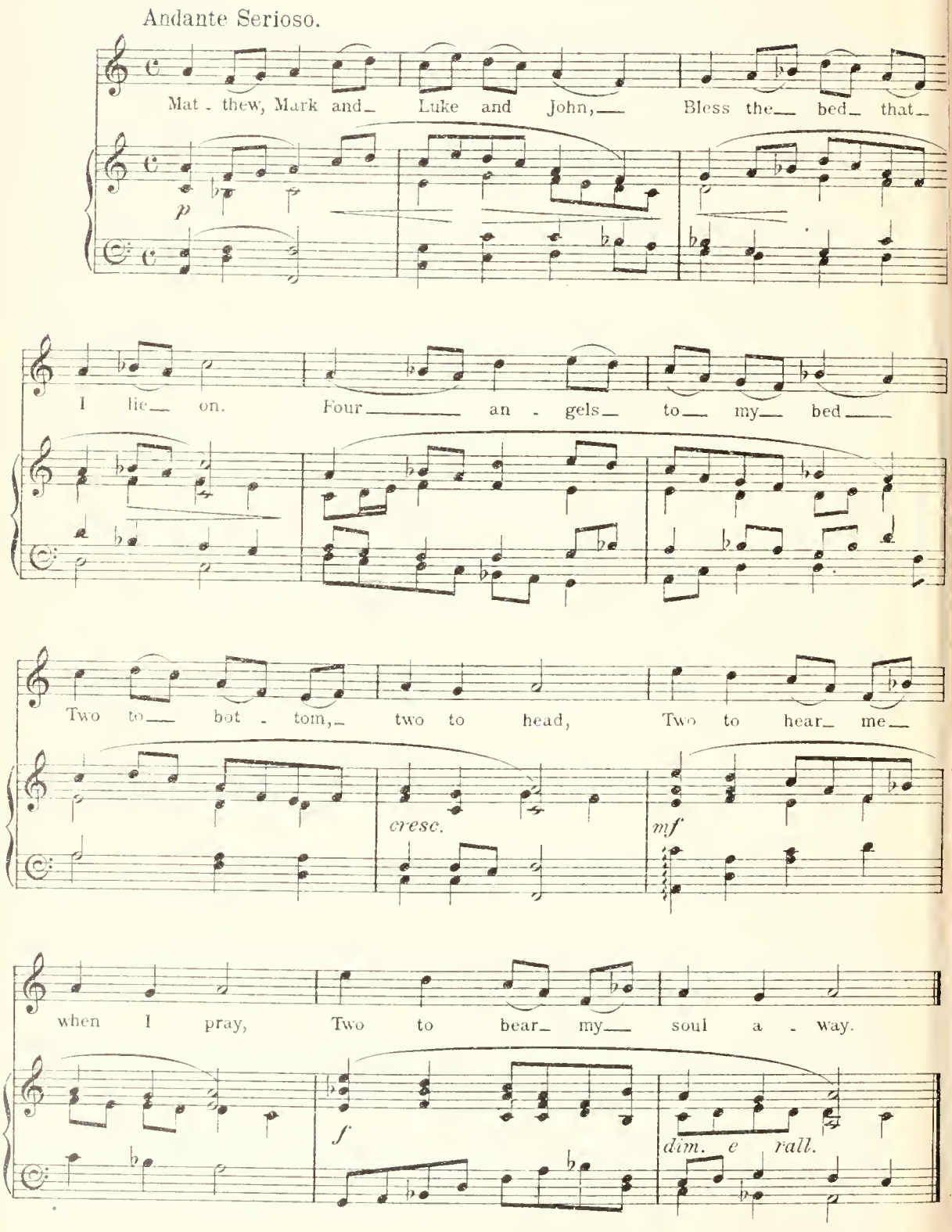
2 Were she my wife, how sweet my life,
In station high or low.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
Midst war's alarms, her sweetness charms;
And I'll sing Tally ho!
And I'll sing Tally ho! I'll sing Tally ho!
Midst war's alarms, &c.

3 On heath or warren, though ne'er so barren,
With her 'twould fruitful grow.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
Make vi'lets spring, all verdure bring;
And I'll sing Tally ho!
And I'll sing Tally ho! &c.

4 How sweet my lot, my homely cot,
There's none but I can know.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
All my fancy dwells with Nancy,
And I'll sing Tally ho!
And I'll sing Tally ho! &c.

5 The music of her voice, I'm sure,
Would charm poor Reynard's woe.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
On May-day seen, my girl in green,
When I sing Tally ho!
When I sing Tally ho! &c.

No 36. The Evening Prayer.


Andante Serioso.
Mat - thew, Mark and_ Luke and John,__ Bless the__ bed_ that_
p
I lie__ on. Four_____ an - gels_ to__ my__ bed_____
Two to__ bot - tom,_ two to head, Two to hear_ me__
cresc.
mf
when I pray, Two to bear_ my__ soul a - way.
f
dim. e rall.

36.—THE EVENING PRAYER.

1 Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four angels to my bed,
Two to bottom, two to head.
Two to hear me when I pray,
Two to bear my soul away.

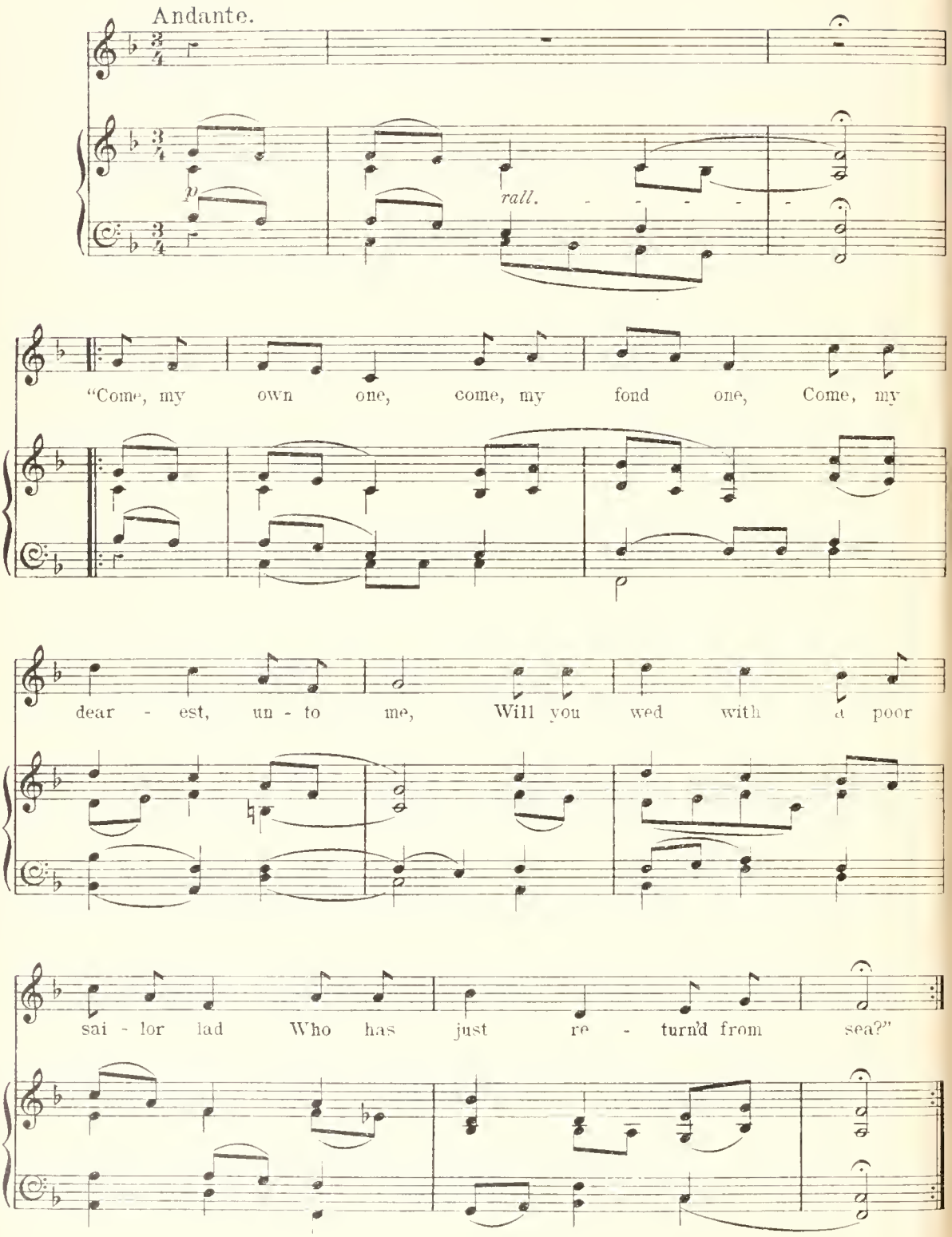
2 Monday morn the week begin,
Christ deliver our souls from sin.
Tuesday morn, nor curse, nor swear,
Christes Body that will tear.
Wednesday, middle of the week,
Woe to the soul Christ does not seek.

3 Thursday morn, Saint Peter wrote,
Joy to the soul that heaven hath bote.*
Friday Christ died on the tree
To save other men as well as me.
Saturday, sure, the evening dead,
Sunday morn, the Book's outspread.

4 God is the branch and I the flower,
Pray God send me a blessed hour.
I go to bed, some sleep to take,
The Lord, He knows if I shall wake.
Sleep I ever, sleep I never,
God receive my soul for ever.

* bote=bid for.

No 37. The Saucy Sailor.


Andante.
rall.
"Come, my own one, come, my fond one, Come, my
dear - est, un - to me, Will you wed with a poor
sai - lor lad Who has just re - turn'd from sea?"

37.—THE SAUCY SAILOR.

1 "Come, my own one, come, my fond one,
Come, my dearest unto me,
Will you wed with a poor sailor lad
Who has just returned from sea?"

2 "O indeed! I'll have no sailor,
For he's dirty, smells of tar;
You are ragged, you are saucy,
Get you gone, you Jacky Tar!"

3 "If I'm dirty, if I'm ragged,
If, may be, of tar I smell,
Yet I've silver in my pocket,
And a store of gold as well."

4 When she heard him thus address her,
Down upon her knees she fell,
Saying, "Ragged, dirty sailors,
I love more than words can tell."

5 "Do you take me to be foolish?
Do you think that I am mad?
That I'd wed the like of you, miss,
When there's others to be had?

6 "No! I'll cross the briny ocean,
No! my boat shall spread her wing;
You refused me, ragged, dirty,
Not for you the wedding ring."

Nº 38. The Loyal Lover.

Allegretto grazioso.
I'll weave my love a
p
gar - - land, It shall be dress'd so fine; I'll
set it round with ro - - ses, With li - lies, pinks, and thyme. And
I'll pre-sent it to my love When he comes back from sea, For I
love my love, and I love my love, Be - cause my love loves me.
rall.

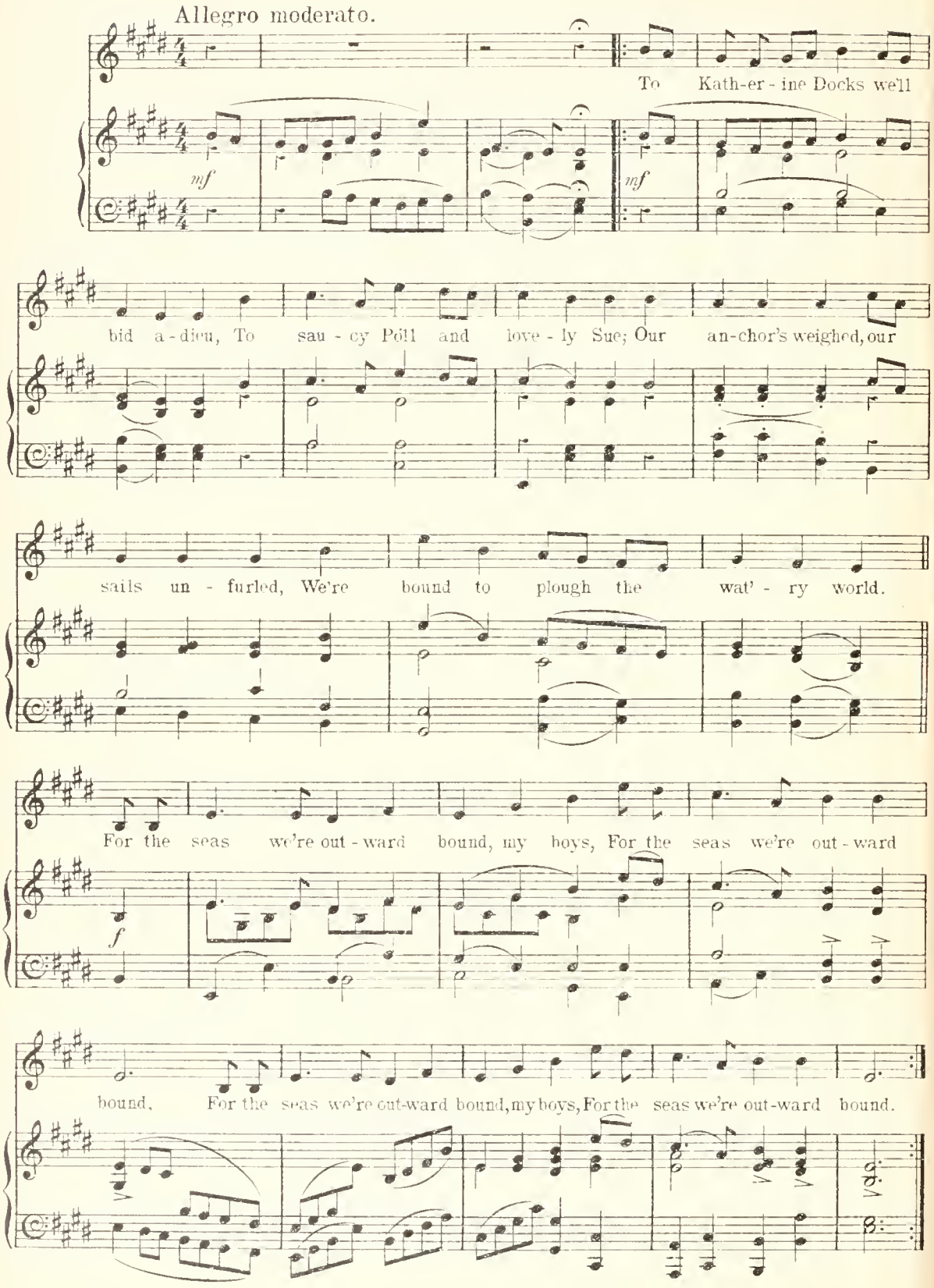
38.—THE LOYAL LOVER.

1 I'll weave my love a garland.
It shall be dressed so fine;
I'll set it round with roses,
With lilies, pinks, and thyme,
And I'll present it to my love
When he comes back from sea,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

2 I wish I were an arrow
That sped into the air,
I'd seek him as a sparrow;
And, if he were not there,
Then quickly I'd become a fish,
To search the raging sea,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

3. I would I were a reaper,
I'd seek him in the corn;
I would I were a keeper,
I'd hunt him with my horn.
I'd blow a blast, when found at last,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

№ 39. Outward and Homeward Bound.


Allegro moderato.
To Kath-er-ine Docks we'll
mf
mf
bid a-dieu, To sau-cy Poll and love-ly Sue; Our an-chor's weighed, our
sails un-furled, We're bound to plough the wat'-ry world.
For the seas we're out-ward bound, my boys, For the seas we're out-ward
f
bound, For the seas we're out-ward bound, my boys, For the seas we're out-ward bound.

39.—OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND.

1 To Katharine Docks we'll bid adieu,
To saucy Poll and lovely Sue;
Our anchor's weighed, our sails unfurled,
We're bound to plough the watery world;

For the seas we're *out*ward bound, my boys,
For the seas we're *out*ward bound.

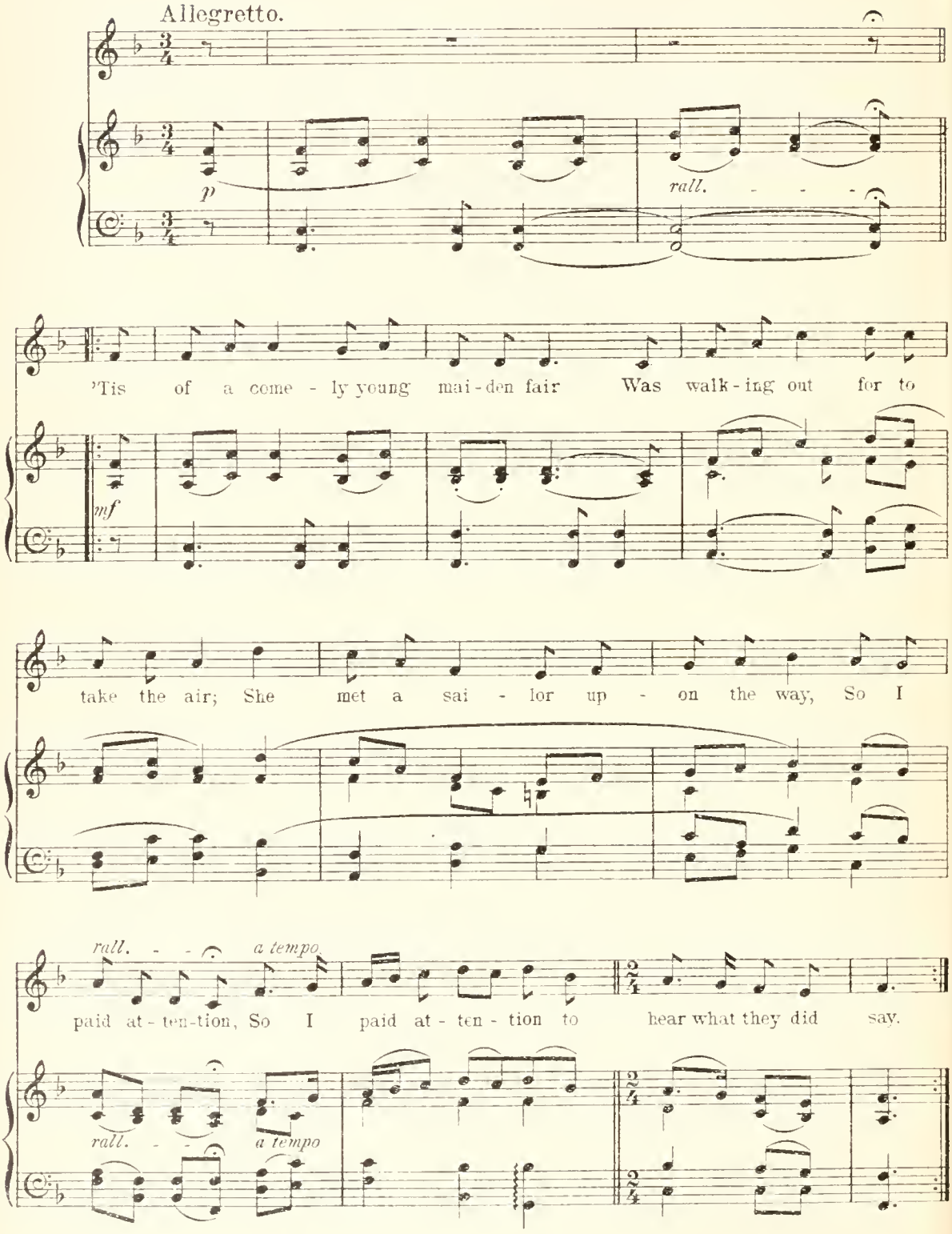
2 Then when we come to Malabar,
Or any port that is so far,
Our thund'ring cannons we'll let fly,
And send our foes right through the sky;
For the seas we're *out*ward bound, my boys, &c.

3 Some Russian ship we'll take in tow
And to old England speedy go,
The steady breeze our sails will fill,
And every Jack shall meet his Jill.
From the seas we're *home*ward bound, my boys, &c.

4 When we return to Poll and Sue,
To all good friends in London too,
Our pockets will with gold be lined,
And all our troubles left behind.
From the seas we're *home*ward bound, my boys, &c.

5 Our hands and hearts to all men free,
We'll dance our kiddies on our knee,
And give th'old girl a hearty smack;
She'll say, "You are a saucy Jack!"
From the seas we're *home*ward bound, my boys, &c.

No. 40. The Dark-Eyed Sailor.


Allegretto.
p
rall.
'Tis of a come - ly young mai - den fair Was walk - ing out for to
mf
take the air; She met a sai - lor up - on the way, So I
rall.
a tempo
paid at - ten - tion, So I paid at - ten - tion to hear what they did say.
rall.
a tempo

40.—THE DARK-EYED SAILOR.

1 'Tis of a comely young maiden fair
Was walking out for to take the air;
She met a sailor upon the way,
So I paid attention to hear what they would say.

2 "Why are you walking," he said, "alone;
The night is coming, the day is done?"
O then her tears they began to flow,
"For a dark-eyed sailor am I so full of woe.

3 "Three years are pass'd since he left the land;
A ring of gold he took off his hand,
He broke the token, gave half to me,
But the other half now is beneath the sea."

4 "O drive him, maiden, from out your mind,
For men are changeful as is the wind,
And love inconstant and cold will grow
As the wintry landscape that is white with snow."

5 "O no!" she answered, "that cannot be;
I loved my William and he loved me;
A broken token and a broken heart
They are mine, and never from this I'll part!"

6 Then half the ring did the sailor show,
She was distraught between joy and woe.
"O welcome, William! I've lands and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, so manly and so bold!"

Nº 41. Near London Town.

Allegretto con grazia.
p
Near Lon - - don town there grows a flow'r The
fair - est to be seen. It grow - eth by a
plea - sant bow'r Near by a plea - sant green.
3
3

41.—NEAR LONDON TOWN.

1 Near London town there grows a flower,
The fairest to be seen;
It groweth by a pleasant bower,
Near by a pleasant green.

2 This lovely flower, this lovely flower,
It smells so sweet and rare,
The fragrance of it is perfect,
To drive away dull care.

3 Now oftentimes have I desired
That flower for my parterre,
But round it groweth many a thorn,
Who draweth near beware!

4 But if I could, O then I would
Tear all those briars away;
I'd keep it from the nipping frost,
From scorching sun by day.

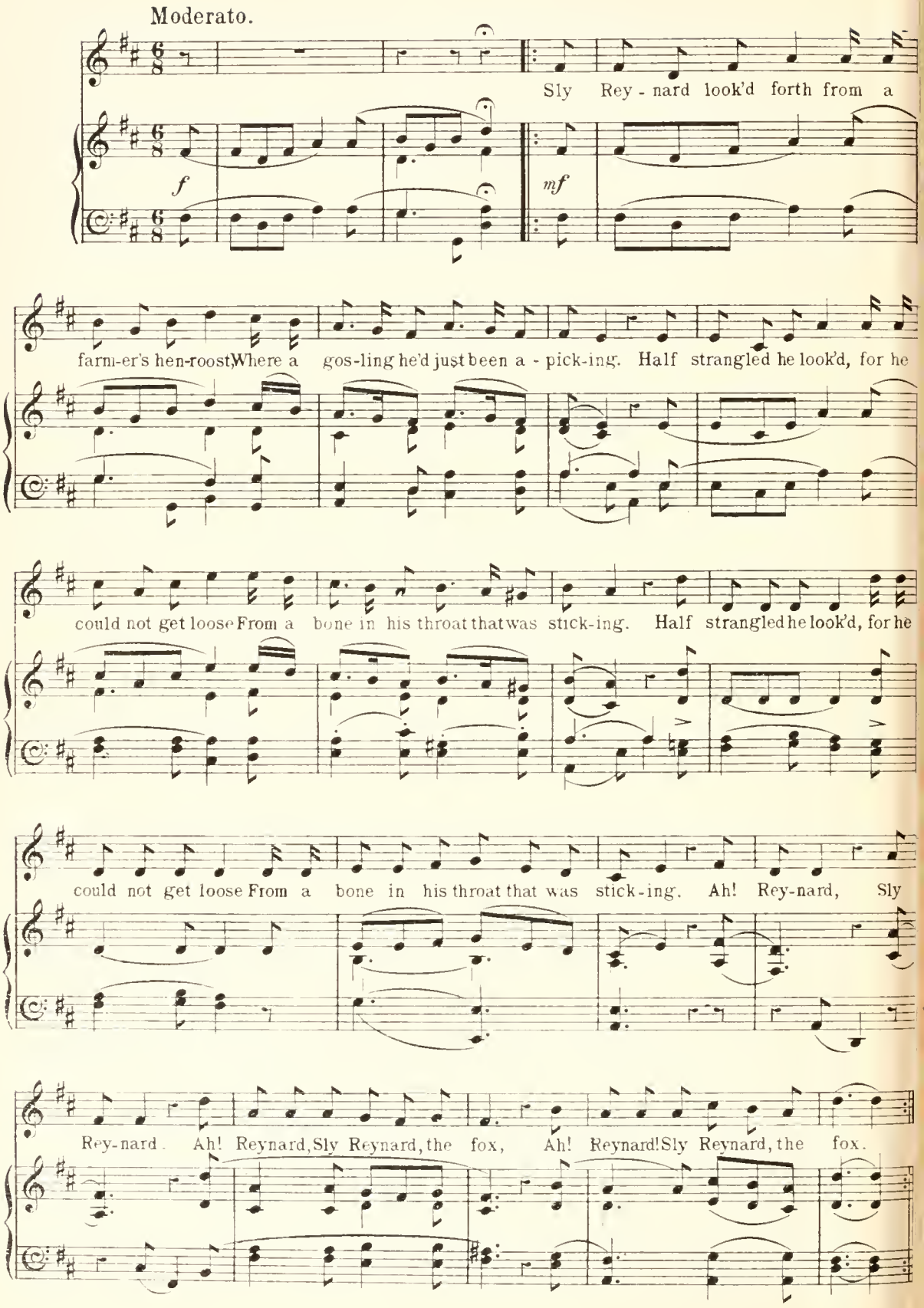
5 Did e'er you see the lily white?
Did e'er you see the rose?
The violet or the pansy bright?
Sure she is none of those.

6 The auricula and tulip too,
So glorious to behold,
The cowslip and the bell of blue,
And eke the marigold.

7 Alas for every flower fair!
The wintry winds will blow;
The biting frost will chill the air,
And bury all in snow.

8 And my fair flower will fade away,
Her bed a grave will prove,
For all things have but little stay,
Those least that most we love.

Nº 42. Sly Reynard.


Moderato.
Sly Rey - nard look'd forth from a
f
mf
farm-er's hen-roost, Where a gos-ling he'd just been a - pick-ing. Half strangled he look'd, for he
could not get loose From a bone in his throat that was stick-ing. Half strangled he look'd, for he
could not get loose From a bone in his throat that was stick-ing. Ah! Rey-nard, Sly
Rey-nard. Ah! Reynard, Sly Reynard, the fox, Ah! Reynard! Sly Reynard, the fox.

42.—SLY REYNARD.

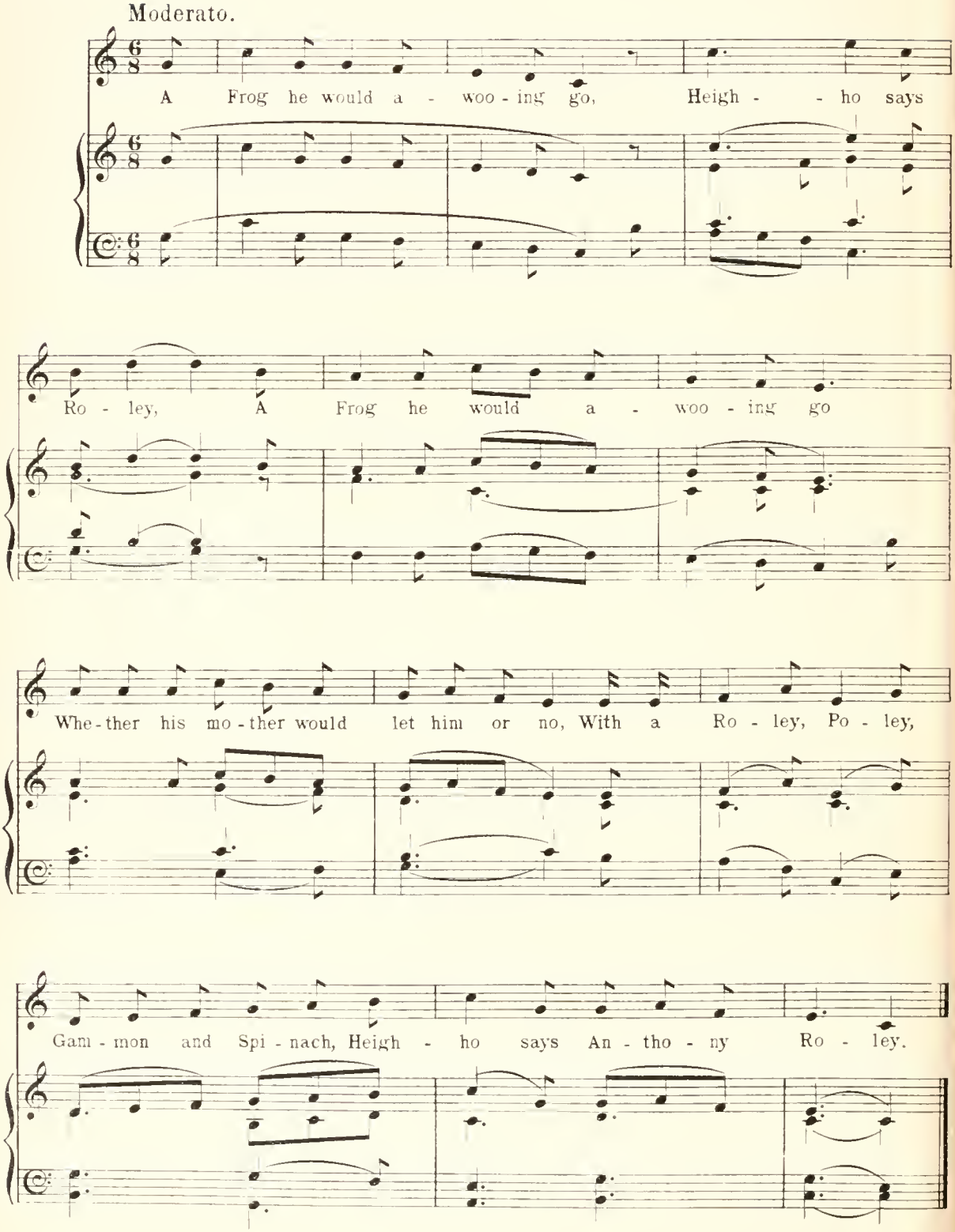
1 Sly Reynard look'd forth from a farmer's hen-roost,
Where a gosling he'd just been a-picking;
Half strangled he looked, for he could not get loose
From a bone in his throat that was sticking;
Half strangled he looked, for he could not get loose
From a bone in his throat that was sticking.

Ah! Reynard, sly Reynard,
Ah! Reynard, sly Reynard, the fox,
Ah! Reynard! sly Reynard, the fox.

2 He twisted his jaws, his eyes rolled about,
Like a frog in a quinzy he croaked too.
"Will no good-natured bird," said he, "pull the bone out?"
'Twas a flock of poor geese that he spoke to.
Ah! Reynard, &c.

3 A gander advanced, once the pride of the flock,
No friend had he near to remind him;
He put his long neck down the throat of the fox,
But left his poor head there behind him.
Ah! Reynard, &c.

No. 43. A Frog he would a-wooing go.


Moderato.
A Frog he would a - woo - ing go, Heigh - - ho says
Ro - ley, A Frog he would a - woo - ing go
Whe-ther his mo-ther would let him or no, With a Ro - ley, Po - ley,
Gam - mon and Spi - nach, Heigh - ho says An - tho - ny Ro - ley.

43.—A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

1 A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
A Frog he would a-wooing go
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a Roley Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
Heigh-ho says Anthony Roley.

2 He saddled and bridled a great black snail,
And rode between the horns and the tail.

3 So off he set with his opera hat,
And on the way he met with a rat.

4 They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
And there they both did knock and call.

5 "Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Oh yes, sir, here I sit and spin."

6 Then Mrs. Mouse she did come down
All smartly dresst in a russet gown.

7 "Pray, Mrs. Mouse, can you give us some beer,
That froggy and I may have good cheer?"

8 She had not been sitting long to spin,
When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in.

9 The cat she seiz'd Master Rat by the crown,
The kitten she pulled Miss Mousey down.

10 This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
He took up his hat and he wished them "Good night."

11 And as he was passing over the brook
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.

12 So there's an end of one, two, and three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and little Froggy.

Nº 44. The Frog and the Mouse.

Con Spirito.
f
There was a frog liv'd in a well, Whip - see did - dle dee dan - dy dee. There
mf
was a mouse liv'd in a mill, Whip - see did - dle dee dan - dy dee. This
frog he would a - woo - ing ride, With sword and buck - ler by his side.
f
With a ha - rum sca - rum did-dle dum da - rum, Whip - see did-dle dee dan - dy dee.

44.—THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

1 There was a frog lived in a well,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.
There was a mouse lived in a mill,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.
This frog he would a-wooing ride,
With sword and buckler by his side.
With a harum scarum diddle dum darum,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.

2 He rode till he came to Mouse's Hall,
Where he most tenderly did call:
"Oh! Mistress Mouse, are you at home?
And if you are, oh pray come down."

3 "My uncle rat is not at home;
I dare not for my life come down."
Then uncle rat he soon comes home,
"And who's been here since I've been gone?"

4 "Here's been a fine young gentleman,
Who swears he'll have me if he can."
Then uncle rat gave his consent,
And made a handsome settlement.

5 Four partridge pies with season made,
Two potted larks and marmalade,
Four woodcocks and a venison pie.
I would that at that feast were I!

Nº 45. The old Woman and the Pedlar.

Moderato.
There
was an old wo-man as I've heard tell, Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la.
She went to mar-ket her eggs for to sell, Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la.
She went to mar-ket as I've heard say, Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la.
f
She fell a-sleep on the King's high-way, Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la.

45.—THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDLAR.

1 There was an old woman as I've heard tell,
  Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!
She went to market her eggs for to sell,
  Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!
She went to market as I've heard say,
  Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!
She fell asleep on the King's highway,
  Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!

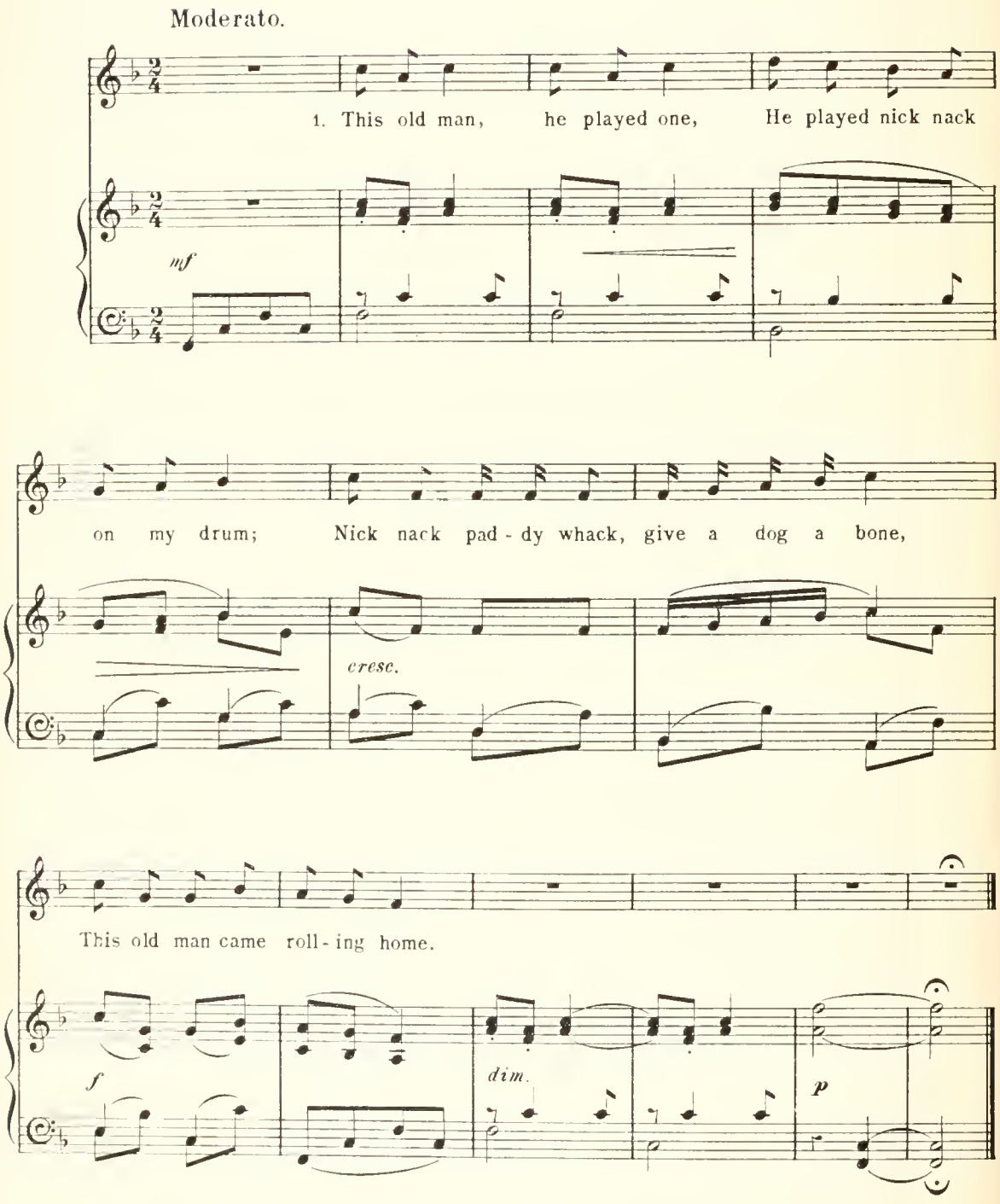
2 There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
  Fal lal, &c.
He cut her petticoats round about;
  Fal lal, &c.
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
  Fal lal, &c.
Which made the old woman to shiver and sneeze.
  Fal lal, &c.

3 When this little woman did first awake
  Fal lal, &c.
She began to shiver and began to shake;
  Fal lal, &c.
She began to wonder, she began to cry,
  Fal lal, &c.
"Oh! deary me, this can never be I!"
  Fal lal, &c.

4 "But if it be I, as I hope it be,
  Fal lal, &c.
I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows me.
  Fal lal, &c.
And if it be I, he will wag his tail,
  Fal lal, &c.
And if it's not I, he will bark and wail."
  Fal lal, &c.

5 Home went the old woman all in the dark,
  Fal lal, &c.
Then up got her dog and began to bark.
  Fal lal, &c.
He began to bark; she began to cry.
  Fal lal, &c.
"Deary me, dear! this is none of I!"
  Fal lal, &c.

Nº 46. This old man.


Moderato.
1. This old man, he played one, He played nick nack
mf
on my drum; Nick nack pad - dy whack, give a dog a bone,
cresc.
This old man came roll - ing home.
f
dim.
p

46.—THIS OLD MAN.

1 This old man, he played one,
He played nick nack on my drum;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

2 This old man, he played two,
He played nick nack on my shoe;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

3 This old man, he played three,
He played nick nack on my tree;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

4 This old man, he played four,
He played nick nack on my door;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

5 This old man, he played five,
He played nick nack on my hive;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

6 This old man, he played six,
He played nick nack on my sticks;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

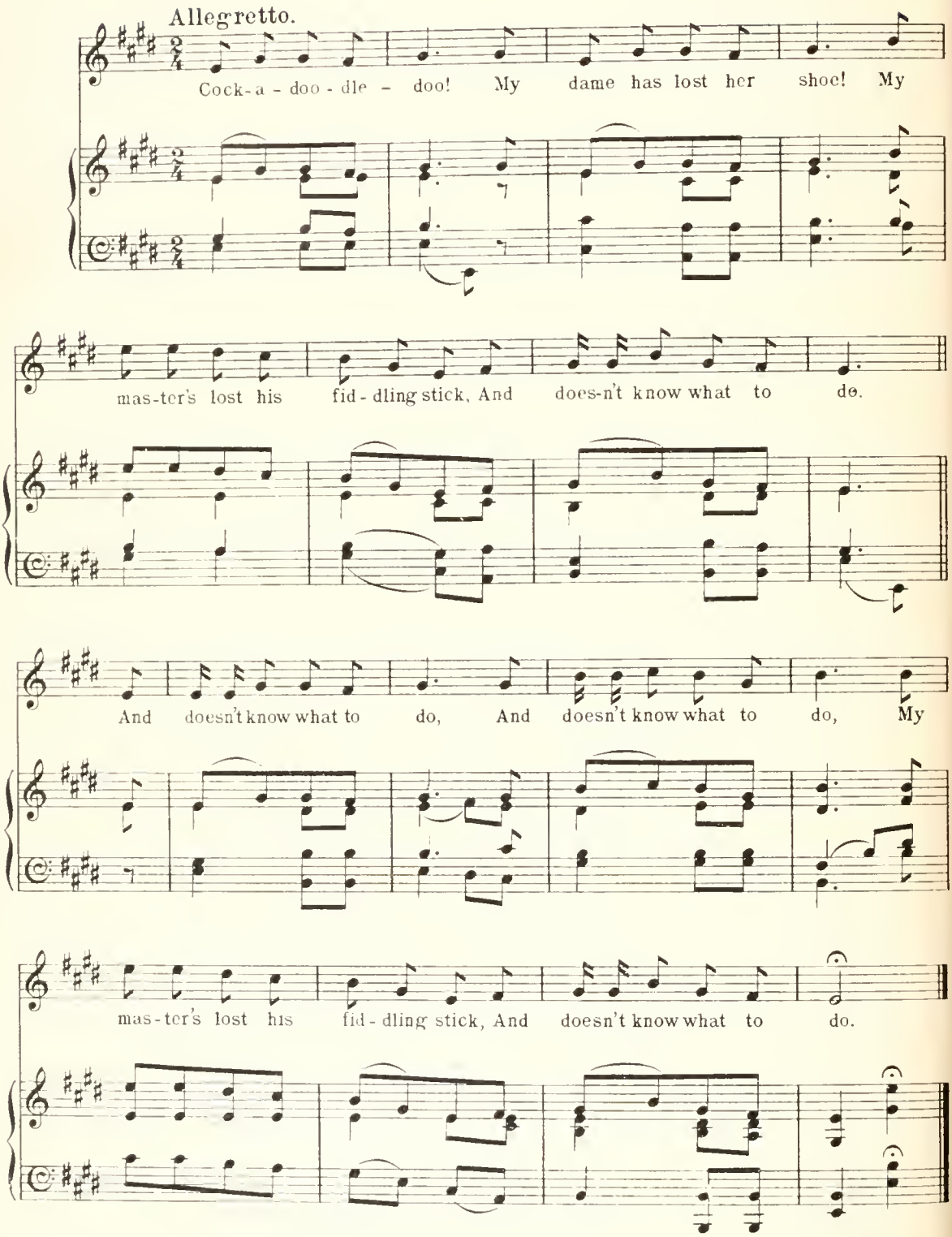
7 This old man, he played seven,
He played nick nack on my Devon;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

8 This old man, he played eight,
He played nick nack on my gate;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

9 This old man, he played nine,
He played nick nack on my line,
Nick nack paddy whack give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

10 This old man, he played ten,
He played nick nack on my hen;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

No 47. Cock-a-doodle-Doo.


Allegretto.
Cock-a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has lost her shoe! My
mas-ter's lost his fid - dling stick, And does-n't know what to do.
And doesn't know what to do, And doesn't know what to do, My
mas-ter's lost his fid - dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.

47.—COCK A DOODLE DOO.

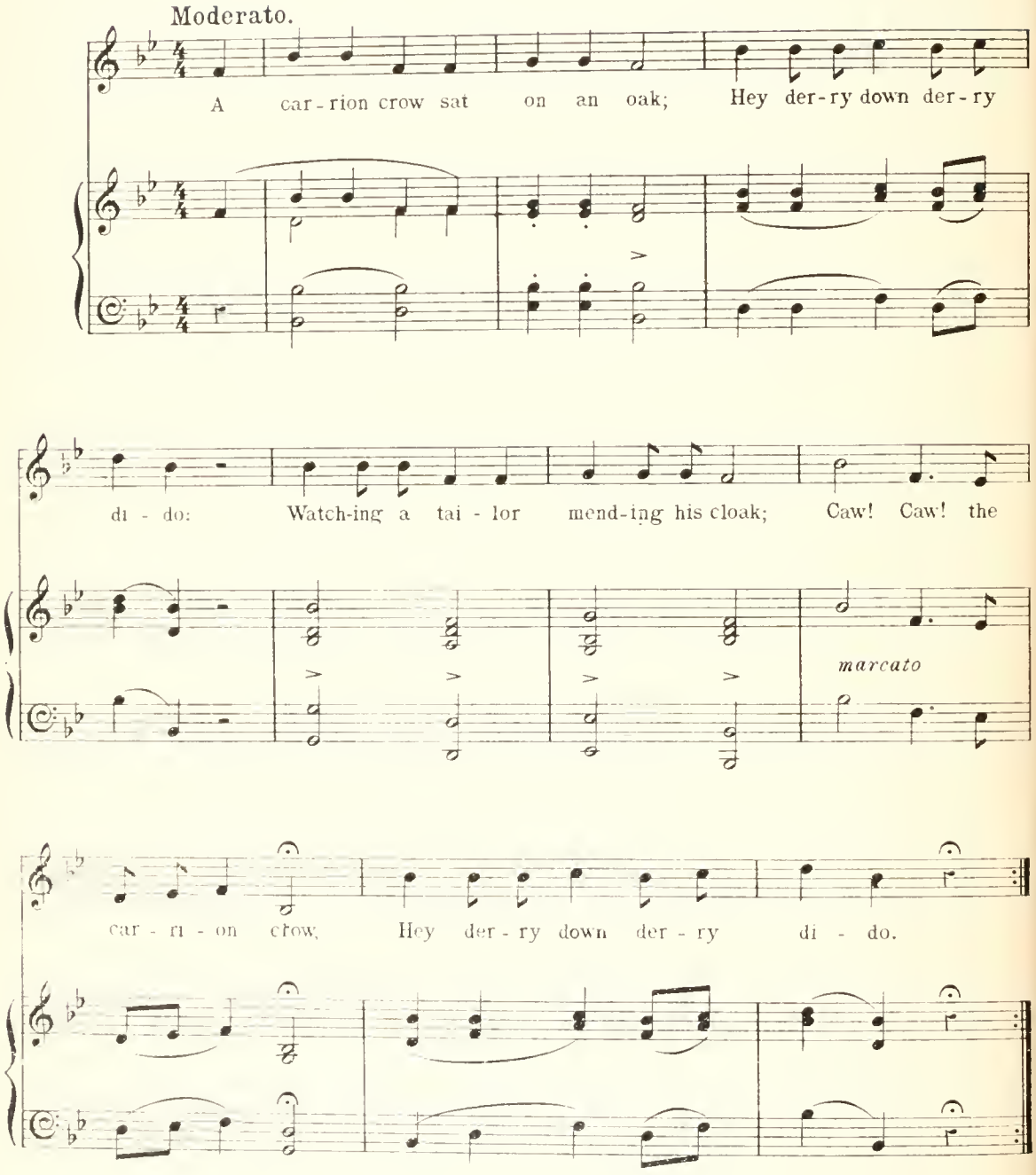
1 Cock a doodle doo!
  My dame has lost her shoe!
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
  And don't know what to do.

2 Cock a doodle doo!
  What is my dame to do?
Till master's found his fiddling stick
  She'll dance without her shoe.

3 Cock a doodle doo!
  My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
  Sing doodle doodle doo!

4 Cock a doodle doo!
  My dame will dance with you
While master fiddles his fiddling stick
  For dame and doodle doo!

No 48. The Carrion Crow.


Moderato.
A car-rion crow sat on an oak; Hey der-ry down der-ry
di - do: Watch-ing a tai - lor mend-ing his cloak; Caw! Caw! the
marcato
car - ri - on crow, Hey der - ry down der - ry di - do.

48.—THE CARRION CROW.

1 A carrion crow sat on an oak;
Hey derry down derry dido!
Watching a tailor mending his cloak;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!

2 O wife, O wife, bring here my bow;
Hey derry down derry dido!
That I may shoot this carrion crow;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!

3 The tailor he fired, but missed his mark;
Hey derry down derry dido!
For he shot his old sow right bang through the heart;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!

4 O wife, O wife, bring brandy in a spoon;
Hey derry down derry dido;
For our old sow is down in a swoon;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!

5 The old sow died, and the bell did toll;
Hey derry down derry dido!
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!

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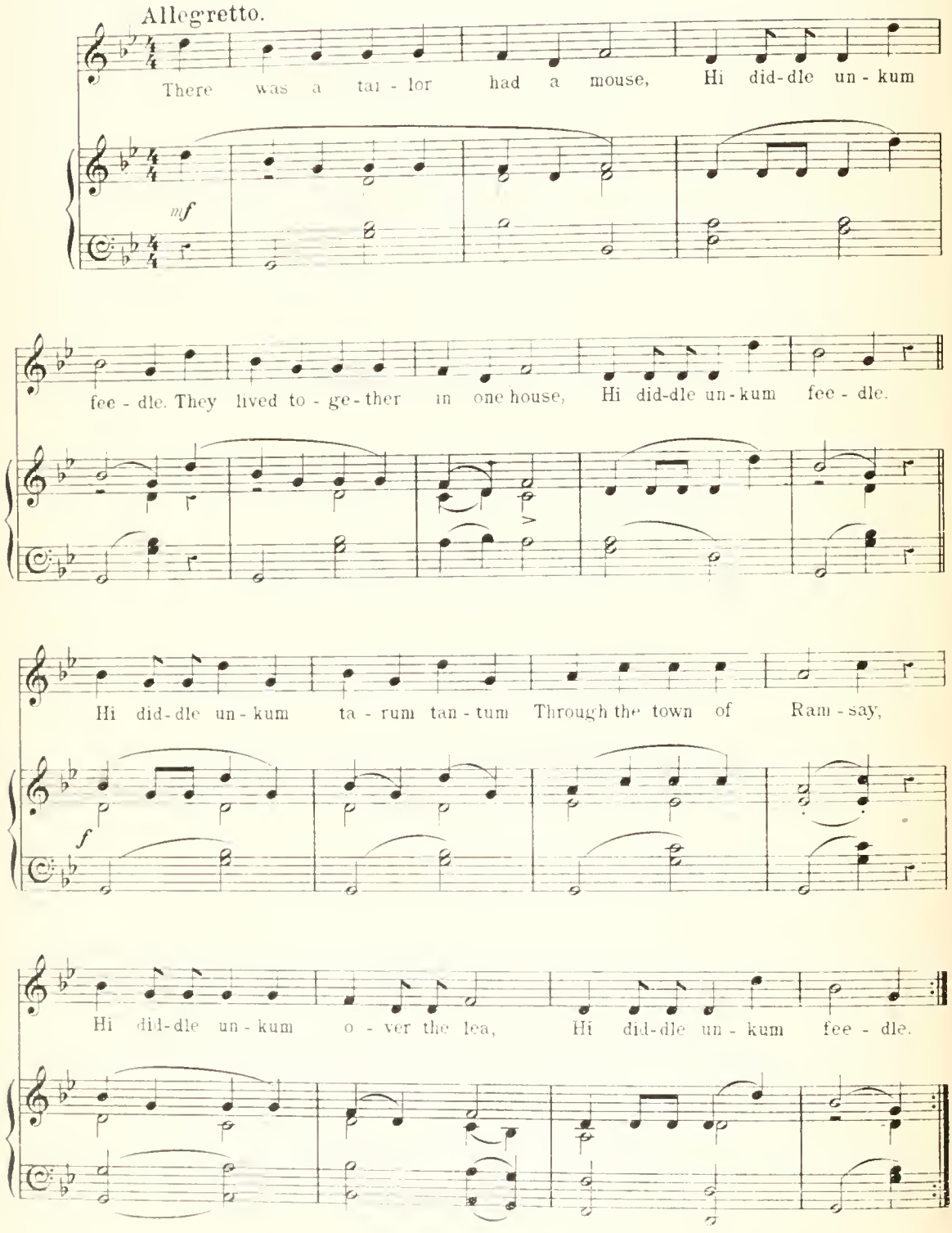
№ 49. The Tailor and the Mouse.


Allegretto.
There was a tai - lor had a mouse, Hi did-dle un - kum
mf
fee - dle. They lived to - ge - ther in one house, Hi did-dle un - kum fee - dle.
Hi did-dle un - kum ta - rum tan - tum Through the town of Ram - say,
f
Hi did-dle un - kum o - ver the lea, Hi did-dle un - kum fee - dle.

49.—THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE.

1 There was a tailor had a mouse,
Hi diddle unkum feedle!
They lived together in one house,
Hi diddle unkum feedle!
Hi diddle unkum tarum tantum
Through the town of Ramsay,
Hi diddle unkum over the lea
Hi diddle unkum feedle!

2 The tailor thought the mouse was ill:
Hi diddle unkum feedle!
He gave him part of a blue pill,
Hi diddle unkum feedle!

3 The tailor thought his mouse would die.
He baked him in an apple pie.

4 The pie was cut, the mouse ran out,
The tailor followed him all about.

5 The tailor found his mouse was dead,
So he caught another in his stead.

№ 50. Robin-a-Thrush.

Moderato.
O Ro - bin - a - Thrush he mar - ried a wife, With a
hop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty mow, now, She proved to be th
plague of his life, With a hig jig jig - ge - ty,
ruf - fe - ty pet - ti - coat, Ro - bin - a - Thrush cries mow, now!

50.—ROBIN-A-THRUSH.

1 O Robin-a-Thrush he married a wife,
With a hoppety, moppety, mow, now,
She proved to be the plague of his life,
With a hig-jig-jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

2 She never gets up till twelve o'clock,
Puts on her gown and above it her smock.

3 She sweeps the house but once a year;
The reason is that the brooms are dear.

4 She milks her cows but once a week,
And that's what makes her butter sweet.

5 The butter she made in an old man's boot;
For want of a churn she clapp'd in her foot.

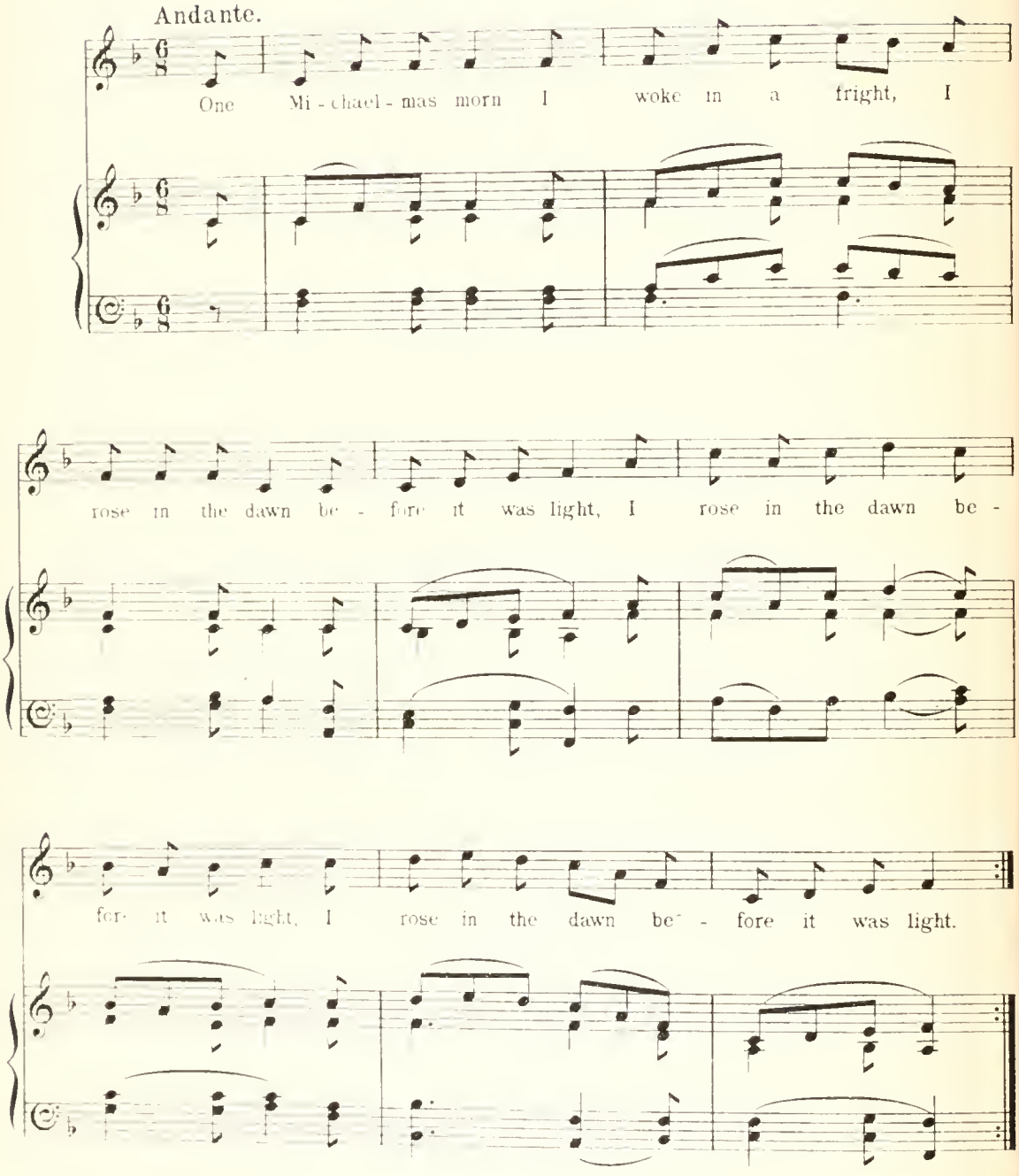
6 Her cheese when made was put on the shelf,
And it never was turned till it turned of itself.

7 It turned and turned till it walked on the floor,
It stood upon legs and walked to the door.

8 It walked till it came to Banbury Fair;
The dame followed after upon a grey mare.

9 This song it was made for gentlemen,
If you want any more you must sing it again.

No 51. One Michaelmas Morn.


Andante.
One Mi - chael - mas morn I woke in a fright, I
rose in the dawn be - fore it was light, I rose in the dawn be -
fore it was light, I rose in the dawn be - fore it was light.

51.—ONE MICHAELMAS MORN.

1 One Michaelmas morn I woke in a fright,
I rose in the dawn before it was light,
I rose, &c.

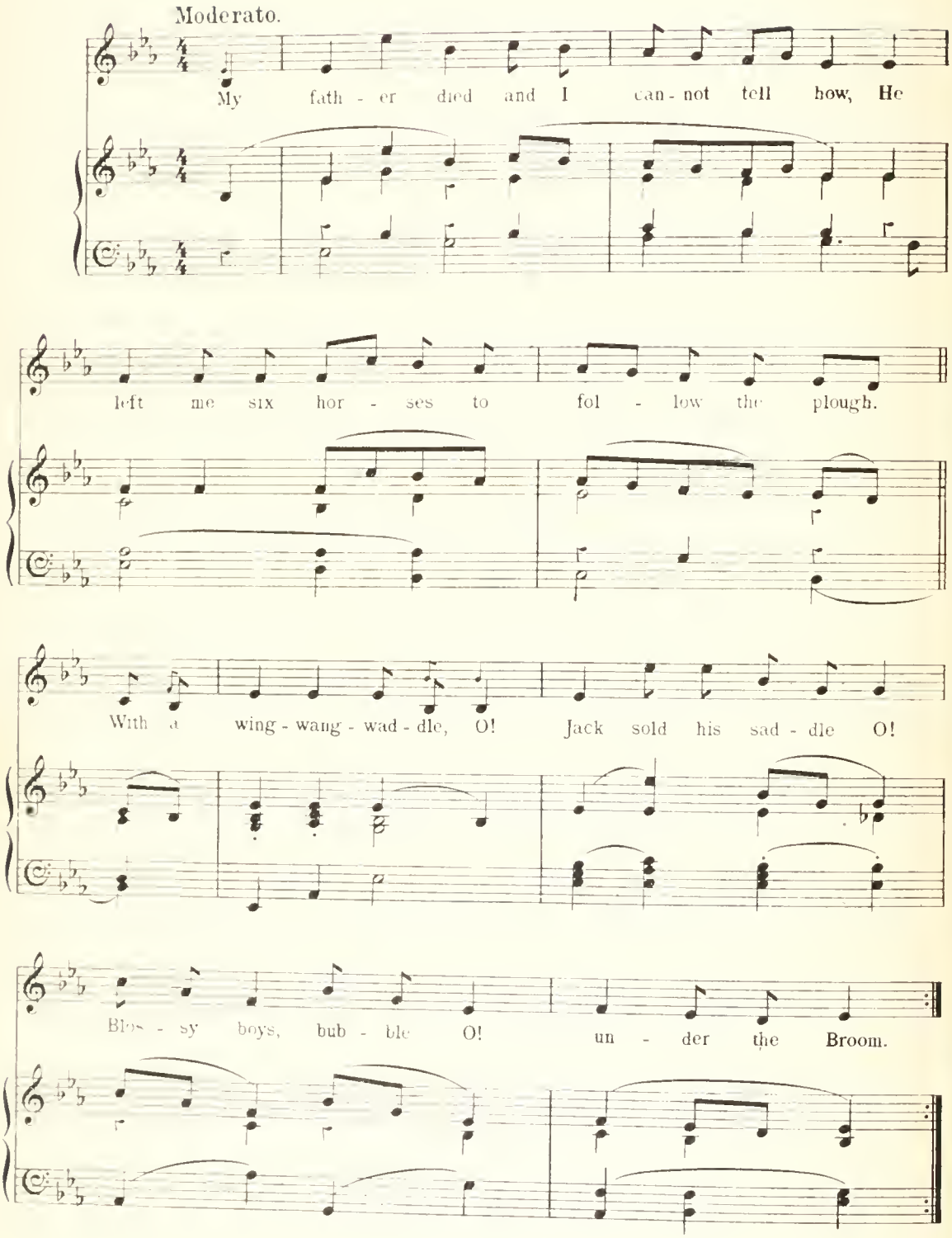
2 I sat myself down the world to admire,
And saw the ripe blackberries on the green briar,
And saw, &c.

3 And when I walked further, I chanc-ed to see
A cow and a pretty maid under a tree,
A cow, &c.

4 I stepp'd to the damsel and to her said I,
"A penn'orth of milk, if you please, for I'm dry,"
A penn'orth of milk, &c.

5 "Look yonder," she answered, "the cow with black tail
Has spilt all the milk and kicked over the pail,"
Has spilt all the milk, &c.

№ 52. The foolish Boy.


Moderato.
My fath - er died and I can - not tell how, He
left me six hor - ses to fol - low the plough.
With a wing - wang - wad - dle, O! Jack sold his sad - dle O!
Blos - sy boys, bub - ble O! un - der the Broom.

52.—THE FOOLISH BOY.

1 My father died and I cannot tell how,
He left me six horses to follow the plough.

With a wing-wang-waddle, O!
Jack sold his saddle O!
Blossy boys, bubble O! under the broom.

2 I sold my six horses and bought me a cow,
I'd fain have a fortune, but didn't know how.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! &c.

3 I sold my cow and bought me a calf,
I'd fain have a fortune, but I lost a half.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! &c.

4 I sold my calf and I bought me a cat;
The pretty thing by my chimney sat.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! &c.

5 I sold my cat and I bought me a mouse;
He fired his tail and he burnt down my house.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O!

6 I have nothing to buy, and I've nothing to sell,
And how I shall live, I am sure I cannot tell.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! &c.

Nº 53. Mowing the Barley.

Allegretto e grazioso.

A Law - yer he went out one day, A - for to take his
p
plea - sure, And who should he spy but some fair pret - ty maid, So hand some and so
cle - ver, Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid? Where are you go - ing, my
mf
ho - ney? Go - ing o - ver the hills, kind sir, she said, To my fa - ther a - mow - ing the
D. C.
bar - ley.
D. C.
Fine.

53.—MOWING THE BARLEY.

1 A Lawyer he went out one day,
A-for to take his pleasure,
And who should he spy but some fair pretty maid,
So handsome and so clever?

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
Where are you going, my honey?
Going over the hills, kind sir, she said,
To my father a-mowing the barley.

2 The Lawyer, he went out next day,
A-thinking for to view her;
But she gave him the slip and away she went,
All over the hills to her father.
Where are you going to? &c.

3 This Lawyer had a useful nag,
And soon he overtook her;
He caught her around the middle so small,
And on his horse he placed her.
Where are you going to? &c.

4 Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,
As together they were going,
Till she quite forgot the barley field,
And left her father a-mowing.
Where are you going to? &c.

5 And now she is the Lawyer's wife,
And dearly the Lawyer loves her,
They live in a happy content of life;
And well in the station above her.

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
Where are you going, my honey?
Going over the hills, kind sir, she said,
To my father a-mowing the barley.

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